"IN GAY PAREE!"—WITH SPARKLING ILLUSTRATIONS.

P207.14

APRIL, 1901.

Broadway Magazine

10 ¢

THIRD ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

"Sa-ay, this is the best number of Broadway Magazine ever!"
The Red Soubrette

Photo by Marceau, New York.

For full key to this picture see duplicate page inside.

"It took 136 separate pictures to make up this number."—The Art Editor.

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Like the mixing of two colors to make another wholly different; like blending of rare teas to gain the delicate flavor for which you pay a dollar a pound; like the blending of whiskey to gain the smooth, velvety flavors of finest ryes;

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MADE TO RETAIL AT 5 CENTS.

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SEND US ONE DOLLAR and we will forward a **box** of twenty-five Imports prepaid to your address, on the strict understanding that if not found better than any 3-for-a-quarter Havana cigar you can buy, we will return your money.

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THE WALKER-EDMUND CO.
126 State Street, Dept. W, 111, CHICAGO, ILL.

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A Howling English Stage Beauty.

MABEL BAIRD.

Photo by Ellis, London.

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Photo by Marceau, New York.

SERIES XXXIX, NUMBER 42, CLASS A.

If you were to accumulate all the pictures of Edna Wallace Hopper published since BROADWAY MAGAZINE was started you would get about the above combination. This picture shows Miss Hopper in her ragtime coat. The dog doesn't really seem to enjoy it as much as Miss Hopper does, which shows very poor taste on the part of the dog.

T. M.

"What time will you be home, dear?" asked the young wife as her husband started for town after breakfast.

"Oh! about 1 t. m., I guess," was the reply.

"You mean 1 P. M., don't you?" she asked.

"No," replied the heartless wretch. "I mean just what I said—1 t. m., to-morrow; see?"

POOR HUBBY!

WIFE—There were plenty of other men who wanted me.

HUSBAND—But think how happy you have made them by taking me!

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"In Gay Paree."

MLLE. ALICIA DECOSTA, A TRIPPER OF THE PARIS STAGE.

Mlle. Decosta, whose picture has been forwarded to BROADWAY MAGAZINE by its Paris representative, Frank Lloyd, is a dancer who has lately made her appearance in Paris. We do not contend that Mlle. Decosta is a beauty. Her physical charms are apparently not due to any great care that Nature has bestowed upon her mouth, chin, nose and ears. Parisians, however, declare that she has magnificent arms, and arms in Paris, while not as important as figures and faces, cut figures of some importance. This picture of Mlle. Decosta is one of a series of twelve which are now on exhibition in Paris. It is, Mr. Lloyd assures us, the most striking of a dozen, and consequently, the one of all others presented to BROADWAY MAGAZINE readers. It might not be uninteresting to know that Mlle. Decosta recently sued a wealthy French banker and secured 10,000 francs for her lacerated heart.

DEMONSTRATION.

LADY—You say you are a good washer and ironer; how do you tell when your irons are hot?

SERVANT—By the schmell of the burnin' linen, mum.

AT DINNER.

MRS. HASHLEY—What is the matter with your spring chicken, Mr. Starboarder?

STARBOARDER (wearily)—Nothing, only it seems to have lived through an unusually long spring.

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FLORENCE ELLIOTT, OF "THE CLIMBERS," NOW APPEARING AT THE BIJOU THEATRE, NEW YORK.

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Edwin Francis Edgett

THIRD ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

Broadway Magazine.

VOL. VII. APRIL, 1901. NO. 1.

BLANCHE BATES DISCUSSES *CIGARETTE.*

Illustrated with snap-shot photographs taken especially for this interview by Marceau, New York City.

I FOUND Miss Blanche Bates in her dressing-room at the Garden Theatre, where for some weeks she had been playing the character of *Cigarette* in Paul M. Potter's dramatization of Ouida's "Under Two Flags." This rôle has been more widely discussed than any other during the present New York season. This girl of the camp, whose ideas of virtue were somewhat hazy, but who hazarded her life for the man she loved, is an enthralling creature, and, as portrayed by Miss Bates, a thing of flesh and blood.

"Miss Bates, what is your idea of *Cigarette* outside your stage portrayal of her?" I asked.

"*Cigarette* is certainly one of the most vivid and absorbing characters in modern fiction. She is painted in the most striking colors. As one reads 'Under Two Flags,' after she has once appeared, the atmosphere and vital interest are absorbed by her, and given out again through her. And then, her death! Unrequited love always arouses sympathy, and when is added to that a wonderful self-sacrifice, the mind overlooks the *fiction* of it, and loves the character."

"*Cigarette* is certainly one of the most vivid and absorbing characters in modern fiction."

"Are you a student of Ouida's stories?"

"Well, I cannot say that I am. Of course, in common with all schoolgirls, I stole hours to devour all of Ouida's books, but, except 'Under Two Flags,' I can't say that any of them left any particular impression on my mind."

"Women are bad only when they transgress the laws of morality as known to them."

"I stole hours to devour all of Ouida's books."

"Do you consider *Cigarette* a bad woman?"

"By no means. Women are *bad* only when they transgress the laws of morality *as known to them.* *Cigarette* had never heard of virtue in its accepted meaning, but had her own code of morals that she rigidly adhered to. That it did not belong to the civilized world as we know it surely does not stamp her with the badge of immorality. She was true to her own self, and the only honesty she knew was to be honest to herself."

"Do you believe that her love for *Cecil* regenerated her?"

"Yes, in that it was the first unselfish love she had ever known. It aroused the best that was in her—made her capable of the sublimest self-sacrifice—was pure, and therefore ennobling."

"Would you be content to play this rôle for many seasons?"

"No, no, no! The beauty of our life is its variety and the hope that the really great and satisfying character is coming. Of course, it seldom comes, but the hope is always there and must have fresh material to feed on—otherwise, new parts! And then, another thing—the actor's aim is to

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"It must become purely mechanical."

be *natural*. But when a part is played a certain number of times it must become purely mechanical. The same set of emotions cannot be played upon eight times a week for a year or more without losing their keenness and intensity; thus, new parts are vital to natural, healthy methods."

TOUGH!

SAPPY—I think shall—aw—nevah have to stwuggle for gweatness. Aw, I was born gweat, doncherknow?

CRUSTY—By Jove! how you must have shrunk!

HONEST GEORGE.

SHE (pining for pleasant words)—Oh, George, I cannot understand it. Why do you lavish this wealth of love on me when there are so many girls more beautiful and more worthy than I?

HE—I'm blowed if I know.

"No, no, no!"

THE BINGHAMS AT HOME.

A particularly busy man during the present season has been Lloyd Bingham, whose wife, Amelia Bingham, has scored such a triumph in the dual capacity of actress and manageress.

The Binghams live in the Croisic, opposite old Delmonico's, at Twenty-sixth street and Fifth avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Bingham are a couple so absolutely devoted that they present an object lesson in marital felicity not altogether usual in these careless days. It is said that Bingham has made a lot of money in the past year, and he deserves it, every cent of it, as he is a very decent fellow.

One of the most affecting scenes from "Under Two Flags." It is here that *Bertie Cecil* (Frank Carlisle) tells *Cigarette* (Miss Bates), who has undergone great hardships for love of him, and has saved his life, that he will ask her, in the presence of the whole regiment, to become his wife. In a few minutes he departs to fight a duel, and again *Cigarette* steps in to save him, and meets her own death.

Photo by Byron, New York.

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EXPLODED IDEAS.

BY A. SUNFAGUN.

THE old, old story that John L. Sullivan once made a speech that lasted a quarter of an hour. Bombarded idea!—the idea that big, beefy John will "go ahead" next season for Bob Fitzsimmons' new melodrama, "Hammer and Tongs."

The ever recurrent rumor that Mrs. Lynch is not on the Square. She is on the Square (Union, N. W. corner Fourteenth street). Idiotic idea!—the idea that Tiffany & Co. can't buy her out.

The dried out, old-fashioned song and dance about Oliver Sumner Teall's resurrection. Preposterous idea!—the idea that he is a "has-been."

The more than once half-confirmed statement that the Shakespearean Society of New York was about to build a theatre for Richard Mansfield. Ridiculous idea!—the idea that Dick would call it "The Mansfield Home for Legitimate Drama."

The old story that Hetty Green once ate half of Russell Sage's midday apple and then flim-flammed him out of a nickel while telling that little anecdote about Adam and Eve. Absurd idea!—the idea that Russell ever gave up half an apple to anybody.

That a Broadway cable car conductor during "commission hours" fails to ring up every fare he collects. Novel idea!—the idea that he can "knock down" a corporation once in a while.

"No fair hitting on the knee, dear."

That Poultney Bigelow once pulled Kaiser Wilhelm off his horse Unter den Linden to make "a story" for "What I Don't Know About the German Emperor." Fierce idea!—the idea that William's mustache might have curled after the pulling off.

The idea that Mrs. John Sherwood discovered English society. Mortifying idea!—the idea that we have never met the lady.

That David Belasco taught Leslie Carter all she knows about acting. Funny idea!—the idea

THE BUTLER SEES THE POINT—AND FEELS IT TOO.

Fencing à la New York Gymnasium, 1901.

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that you can teach a woman how to act. Go to — the world's their stage.

The universal belief that Dr. Mary Walker pays $3.50 a pair for her pants. Cruel idea! — the idea of her encouraging sweat-shop labor.

That a private detective agency can catch small-pox. Laughable idea! — the idea that "immunes" can catch anything.

The idea that there is a fortune in a popular song, for the composer. Nice idea!—to be the publisher of it.

Successfully exploded idea! — the idea that William Waldorf Astor owns the hyphen part of the Waldorf-Astoria.

Prematurely exploded idea! — that Adelina Patti will give her *last* farewell performance again for the tenth time.

LO, THE POOR ACTOR.

The experiences of one comedian on the road.

Canton, Miss.

Editor,

BROADWAY MAGAZINE:

Knowing how every-one envies the jolly life we actors lead — who have nothing to do but travel about the country and see the scenery—I inclose a two days' experience in Arkansas.

Left Newport, Ark., 11.30 P. M., on freight train.

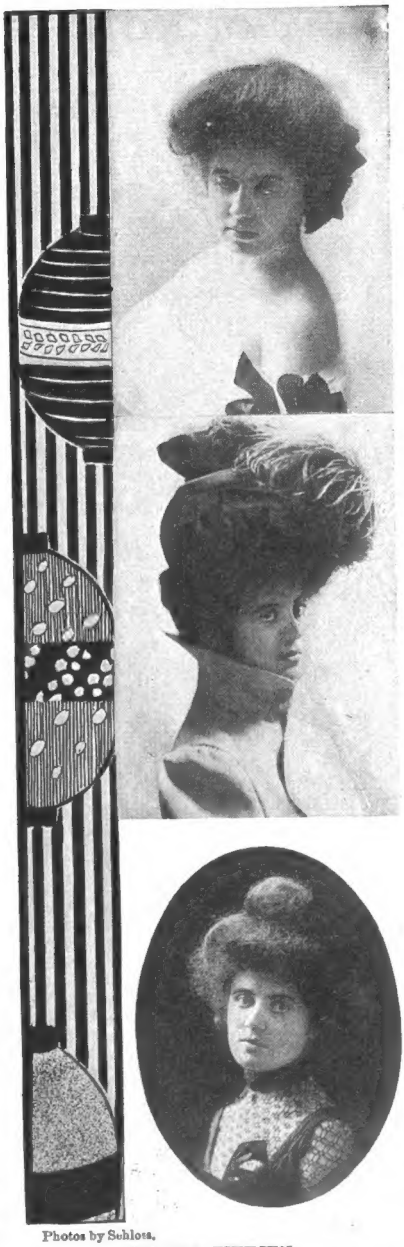
Arrived Hoxie Junction, 2 A. M. Found four rooms in small hotel for fourteen people. Sat in hotel office four hours. Left at 6 A. M. on another freight.

Arrived Jonesboro, 8 A. M. Had to wait till noon for rooms.

Had my new umbrella and $5.00 stolen from my dressing-room during performance. Left immediately after show—by wagon—five miles' ride over mountains to railroad. Broke down midway and had to stand two hours under a tree, in pouring rain, while driver rode ahead and brought back another conveyance.

Reached Nettleton, 2.15 A. M. No food or drink to be had. Left Nettleton, 5.05 A. M. Arrived Lula, 7.30 A. M. Left Lula, 10 A. M. Arrived Helena, Ark., 4 P. M., and were expected to give bright, jolly performance.

'Way down South in the land of cotton,
One-night stands and the hotels rotten.
Keep away,
Keep away,
Keep away from the South.



Photos by Schloss.

MAUDE TIETJEN,
who looks well with or without a hat. She can act as well she looks.

THE WOES OF A TYPEWRITER.

St. Louis, Mo.

Editor,
BROADWAY MAGAZINE,
New York City, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—I am a stenographer in St. Louis, and my brother buys your magazine every month, and I have noticed in it your "Song of the Typewriter." Now just keep that up, for I think it is all right. I cut it out of the magazine and mailed it to my boss. I am working in a very large establishment here at a salary so small that I am ashamed to mention it; and when I asked my boss for a raise yesterday, he said that if I would let him put a bug in my ear he would give me twice the amount I was getting and I could stay at home at that. He tries to kiss me every time I come in and go out. I have been working here, through necessity, since last March. He also informs me he will give me a dollar more a week for a kiss each day. He is an old married man with a lot of grown up children a great deal older than I am.

One of his married daughters was down to-day, and when I came back from lunch I heard her say to her father, who was in the next office, "I don't see how that typewriter girl can be respectable. I noticed she had on a silk waist to-day." Her father replied, "Yes, I think she is a little swift, and I'm going to discharge her Saturday and get a girl to work cheaper." What do you think of that? I was only seventeen on February 1st. People say I am pretty, but my looks don't make a good salary for me. If I get fired, will let you know.

Yours very truly,
"FLORA."

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Stories of New York Life.

No. III.—A FASHIONABLE YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY.

BY WALTER BEVERLEY CRANE.

THE editor of BROADWAY asked me: "Do you know anything about the Young Ladies' Seminaries of New York?"

"No," I replied; "I live, breathe, and have my being on Broadway. Perhaps Huyler, or some other candy man, might tell you all about them." But I made a mental resolve, then and there, to find out something about them, and a week later I turned in the following:

The Sanctuary—the bedroom of Ethel and the Heiress.

The oldest private school for girls in New York City was established in 1816 by a Mrs. Smith on St. John's Square. It was subsequently removed to No. 1 Fifth avenue, where, after Mrs. Smith's retirement, Miss Lucy Green conducted it for many years.

Later, Miss Green's successors, the Misses Graham, removed to No. 63 Fifth avenue. Again, by the encroachment of business in the immediate vicinity, this well-known landmark of old New York was transferred in 1893 to No. 176 West Seventy-second street, on the southeast corner of the Boulevard, overlooking Sherman Square.

This school and the Misses Ely's, Riverside Drive and Eighty-fifth street, are the "smartest" schools in town. Through the kindness and courtesy of the big brother of a little sister I was permitted to attend a recent reception and meet the fashion plates of one of these institutions.

An English butler announced us in true beefeater accents. I made my very best Dodworth bow, took three glides to the left, and did a correct pump-handle shake with one of the principals.

The bevy of fluttering loveliness about me was conversing in French—the language of the school—and I was about regretting my lack of Gallic wit—the young ladies were springing epigrams at a great rate—when I was presented in English to the Heiress, the only daughter of one of our multi-millionaires.

"So these receptions are a part of your education," I observed, after the amenities.

"Finishing touches," she replied; "how to pour a cup of tea and turn off a repartee. This is my last year, you know."

"Your drawing-room is a model of form, a symphony of taste."

"Yes; they give us the correct environment—we only lack men."

I coughed—ever so humbly.

"But your classrooms?" I ventured.

"Upstairs, and in the yard extension—to keep our thoughts off the avenue," said the Heiress.

"I am inquiring for a friend the—er—terms of tuition. May I ask?"

"Nine hundred dollars per annum, including board. With music, advanced drawing and painting, dancing, riding, fencing, Ling-Delsarte, use of piano and seat in church, it costs papa about twenty-five hundred dollars for the school year. Of course, I'm not counting the extras—theatre-tickets, hansoms, flowers, bon-bons, charity, tips to the servants, and the presents we have to make."

"No smoking allowed, I suppose?"

"Well, you know, a cigarette or so doesn't count—it's such a little thing."

"So is a cocktail, I imagine."

"I don't know about that," said the Heiress doubtfully.

"And how about your gowns, jackets and automobile coats?"

"Dear me, I never bother about those bills!"

"I often meet you and your classmates, walking two by two, with a teacher bringing up the rear."

"Yes; isn't it awfully idiotic the way we are paraded?"

"Perfectly idiotic," I assented; "I don't like Ling-Delsarte on the street."

We had gradually drifted back to the subject of education and were near the open doors of the handsomely wainscoted dining-room, done in oak and leather, with heavy furniture to correspond. Tables for four and six were there, with buffets near each.

A glimpse of the schoolroom in which the Heiress learns her Guida French.

"The service is *à la*

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Russe," said the Heiress; "ten courses, as a rule, with a butler and six second men. We know every fork and every wineglass. There is no excuse for a girl to use an oyster-fork with the salad or cling to her sherry after fish has been served. Ours is a liberal education; don't you think so?"

"Yes," I admitted. "At what hour do you retire?"

"That depends on the length of our prayers. The paramount aim of the training of the school is so to influence the habits, principles and characters of the pupils, as to develop and maintain that elevated type of womanhood which is produced only in an American family of the highest culture"

"Good!" I ejaculated. "Where did you learn that?"

"It's in the prospectus," she answered.

We had entered the library, done in green and gold, with a beautifully tiled fireplace, six feet in width from brick to brick's ending, by fifteen in height. The *portières* and window hangings were of dark maroon velours and velvet. I glanced at the gorgeous bindings of the books in the mahogany cases.

"Nothing but Richard Harding Davis," I observed, reading titles.

"Yes," said the Heiress; "a part of our education, you know. Oh, the training is severe!"

"But, joking aside," I begged, "tell me what the curriculum embraces."

"I hope you're not a curriculum. What is a curriculum?" demanded the Heiress, draping a *portière* about her.

"I mean the course of study."

"Oh, reading, writing, spelling, geography, talks in botany, the language of flowers, French, embroidery, more French, gymnastics, embroidery, first steps in science—and, oh! there's a girl here from Boston who wears spectacles and she can read Cæsar."

"None of the higher branches taught—sewing and cooking?" I asked.

The Heiress gave me a look of withering scorn; contempt was written in every feature.

"This is a school for young *ladies*," she sniffed, with a haughty toss of her head and a disdainful look.

"I beg your pardon;

A glimpse of the main hall.

I quite forgot that you are preparing for an early marriage."

"Please remember," cautioned the Heiress, "that the chief aim of the school is to furnish the best attainable advantages for the acquisition of a thorough education."

"Is that in the prospectus?" I asked.

"Yes," said the Heiress, with great dignity.

"'Each young lady to be provided with bed linen, towels, napkins and napkin-ring marked in full'—is that in the prospectus, too?"

"Are you a co-ed?" demanded the Heiress, pinning me to the wall with a masonic-like glance.

"No; but I have a sister."

"It's against the rules to take young men upstairs," said the Heiress, "but here's a photograph—a flashlight of one of the bedrooms," and she handed me the picture.

Two little single brass beds, covered with lace counterpanes and headed with embroidered day pillows, stood side by side; two high chiffoniers and two dressing-tables occupied the corners; crayons, water-colors and two really good oil-paintings on the walls, and the flags and pennants of Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Columbia were crossed over the mantel of the fire-place. Persian and Turkish rugs were strewn over the Axminster Herts had supplied the lounges, chairs and tables.

The room was perfect in all its appointments.

"Yours?" I asked.

"Yes; mine and Ethel's, my roommate. Popper furnished it for us."

Oh, lucky Heiress! I thought.

"Is Miss Ethel here to-day?" I inquired.

"Oh, do you know, something dreadful happened to Ethel's father, and she had to leave school last quarter. Her popper failed, you know, and Ethel will have to work for a living; isn't it just too mean and horrid?"

"And she learned none of the higher branches—sewing and cooking," I commented mentally; then aloud: "Thanks, awfully, for such a charming afternoon!"

To which the Heiress replied:

"Do call again. The next time you come I will talk about something besides education.

A sitting-room—where cigarettes are not unknown, though not in the regular course.

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SANDOL MILLIKEN, A YOUNG AND CHERUBIMIC STAGE FAVORITE.

MISS CHICAGO, ATTENTION.

QUESTIONS:

Dear BROADWAY MAGAZINE:

Is Mary Mannering Mrs. James K. Hackett's real name? Also, is James K. Hackett her husband's real name? If not, what are? When you answer these questions in your next issue, please address it to Yours truly, "CHICAGO."

ANSWER:

Yes, to both your questions.

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TOWN TOOTHPICKS

THE JOURNAL OF SAUCIETY

VOL. CCXVX. No. 41144. PRICE THE SAME.

FLAUNTERINGS.

THE unpleasantness between Mrs. Hogden Pills and Mrs. Bolivar L. M. N. O. P. Elmont has completely disorganized Sauciety. If Mrs. Antonio P. Astor's influence is not immediately brought to bear, Newport's most exclusive cottagers will have to take in boarders this coming summer.

I DOUBT that there is any basis for the tale now going about to the effect that one of New York's oldest and most vivacious matrons bought a case of champagne from Harry Lehr last week. She may have her failings, but I have never before heard her accused of buying Harry's wine.

THE Miss Edythe Whiffletree Van Wensler who was married to a young Scotch-Irish Episcopal clergyman, the Reverend Pullback Mac Ginniss Dogshead Burke, at Newport, on Tuesday, is not one of the Fourinhand Van Wenslers, as many people suppose from her middle name. Tuesday's bride is a daughter of the late Kiliaen Patroon Van Wensler, it will be remembered, and her mother was Miss Maggie Murphy. She is, through both her mother and father, related to the Krimminnes, Whalings, and others of New York's exclusive "41144."

LETTERS from Hoboken express surprise that the Duke of Panchester should have denied the authorship of his private secretary's ragtime composition, "Zimmy ze zimmer man." I hear the Duke is not as bilious as he looks, and that Willie K. has the *Valiant* in dry dock. Sauciety may look for further developments in this column next week.

MRS. CUTLOW—Ha! ha! ha!
MRS. LOWCUT—Awfully clevah! Ha! ha! ha!

PRINCE and Princess Pistache Pumpernickel, of Germany, are still lingering at Atlantic Highlands, but will rejoin the Smith-Joneses at Lenox when the Bar Harbor season opens at Long Branch. The Fulton Ferry Sputtings may not be there, but the report is not authenticated.

PHILADELPHIA'S "41144" was shocked by the news of the Queen's death. A number of the Quaker City's oldest families are related to her late Majesty, and Edward VII. was the recipient of many cables of condolence from the Biddle, Diddle, Drexel, Ash and Trowbridge coteries. Owing to the slow train service between New York and Philadelphia, the sad intelligence was greatly delayed, and only reached the City of Brotherly Love last Thursday. I understand J. Morpier Pontgan will remedy the evil at an early date.

THE boy stood on his sister's neck;
Alas, it was a euchre deck!

THE ever busy stork does not observe the eight-hour law and continues to work overtime, as was witnessed by the depositing of quadruplets in the Turkish room of the Waldorf-Astoria just after *Town Toothpicks* went to press this week. There was much rejoicing in Mr. Boldt's private office, as business has been very poor for the past two years.

HE—Yes?
SHE—No! . . . . . Yes!!!

MY esteemed contemporary, *The Tenth Nighter*, has written a masterly critique on "Under Two Rags." He clearly demonstrates that Ouida's heroine was called *Cigar*, and not *Cigarette*, in the book; and I herewith call Mr. Paul M. Potter to account for taking liberties with Ouida. And Mr. Potter is a married man, too.

"WORTHY" Greenhouse, whose canary-colored voice is due to his diet of Hartz Mountain songsters and gold fish, will not have the sole agency of Marlborough House, London, England. London *Sauciety* and "Labby's" *Truth* inform me that 'Awkins and 'Awkins, Real Estate Brokers to His Majesty, have put their sign on the historic old mansion.

JOKER—Have a cigar?
SMOKER—If you please.

FROM Boston comes the report that the Norman Greeleys, the "Bob" Hoopers, the "Willie" Hoopers, the Archibald Lindsays, of England, Mrs. and Mr. "Phil" Ely, Mr. and Mrs. "Phil" Dexter, Senator and Mrs. McMillan, and the C. P. Curtis, Jrs.—as I say, from Boston comes the report; and I wish to warn unscrupulous

At all ferries and in all climates you will find "Der Schmeert Setz."

"CARRIE NATION SMASH" is an eye-opener. At all druggists.

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sauciety editors of the common press that I will hold them criminally responsible if these names are used without due credit being given to *Town Toothpicks*.

THE *Oceanic*, among other extinguished arrivals, brought Mrs. "Carley" Bleecker. In the fire at the Hotel de la Terrasse, Dinard, she lost her strand of priceless pearls given to her by her father some years ago. The George Washington Fairpaxes were also on the same ship.

BALTIMORE'S "41144" has been startled by another tragedy in the death of young Hatless Shoemaker, who fell from a window in the twentieth story of the Stafford and broke his neck. Mr. Shoemaker was not yet seventeen, and was one of the most popular and attractive fellows in his rather gay set. His fall was caused by an extra strong Egyptian cigarette. In the darkness he mistook the window for the open door. He was the son of Mrs. Shoeless Hatmaker by one of her previous marriages, I forget which one.

FEW are aware that the unknown husband of a famous woman is now in Greater New York. In my next week's column more will be told regarding the outrageous character of this pusillanimous pinch of snuff.

HE—Auto?
SHE—Mobile?
HE—Alabama?

THE Daughters of the Revolver and the Colonial Dames of the Pop-Gun have had some very interesting elections. Of the Daughters of the Revolver, personally, I know nothing, but the Dames comprise names I am thoroughly *au courant* with.

AMONG those present at the Mackay-Bennett Cable Ball last Wednesday night I noticed a good many shining lights of the Charity and the Patriarchs. If the Matriarchs and the Shinnecock Hills Golf Club and the Westminster Kennel Club would only show more *esprit de corps* the annual French Ball could not exist.

THOSE of my readers who were in Fanfield's the other night, after Selig-Cohen-Labinski's co-operative dance at Cherry's & Swellmonico's, were very much alarmed at the "smashing at the door." 'Twas Leroy B. Crane, and nothing more. With all due respect to Mr. Crane, I wish he would not interfere with functions to which he is not invited. While not a Cherry dinner, the occasion was ace high as far as *Town Toothpicks*' New Jerusalem subscribers were concerned. Brewedavalt was the wine used at this gathering.

CASEY'S MIXED ALE Received the Highest Award for Brute Strength at the Paris Exposition.

THE most disgusting cad in town, at the present writing, is a man whose name is known to my Oklahoma correspondent. He is supposed to carry weapons. He is beneath my contempt. I shall not mention his name in these columns, but a word to the wise is sufficient.

HEARSE'S *Chernal* is not the sheet I am accustomed to peruse. If Mr. Hearse only knew what pain he causes me by sending marked copies of the advertisements in the Sunday's issue, he would kindly refrain.

MRS. TREVILLIAN SANSMUCHTY'S *bal poudré* at Larchmont-on-the-Beach was noticeably lacking in bathing skirts. However, the *tout ensemble* of the whole was not wholly lacking in that *laisse aller* and complete *abandon* of the set to which she has addicted her last husband.

MOXIE—Are you on?
TOXIE—Get off!

AT Swallick's, Tuesday night, the audience was made up—almost exclusively—of the oldest of our youngest Knickerbocker families. Among those present I noticed Fitzgerald Angelo Schulze von Kettledrum, Angus Mac Dum and "Tessie" Oxhart. It gives me pleasure to welcome back such lights to the exclusive circles for which I write.

CHICAGO'S latest scandal is that of a married couple. They have been married for the past ten years. I understand all their friends have cut them.

DARK red spots on a white-washed moon,
Darling, dearest, see me soon.

SAN FRANCISCO'S "41144" are now skating on the Golden Gate. Arthur Lightfoot, old Colonel Lightfoot's heavy-headed son, fell through the ice and was severely bitten by a seal. A young woman's sacque is mentioned in conjunction with the story, but the story is not worth repeating.

BRYAN'S letter of acceptance is not written in the English my readers are accustomed to peruse in these columns. However, the paramount issue is in the last paragraph. Of course, as our next President, he will not be elected until McKinley leaves the White House. These and other facts I have laid down before, and will not reiterate them; but the main point of the question's issue is clearly diametrically opposite to what I repeated at the time of Cleveland's last term. But what are we going to do about it?

THE FLAUNTERER.

Patronize American Industries—Wear Callahan's Hats.

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The scrub-lady's song.

"For we're a little bunch of chorus maidens."

TWO OF THE PRINCIPAL SCENES FROM CHAMBERLYN'S PRODUCTION OF "MY LADY."

MR. GOLLAN A GOOD ACTOR.

CAMPBELL GOLLAN, a young actor from the other side, has been doing excellent work in "Under Two Flags." In fact, the leading man of that organization, Francis Carlisle, might easily and with great benefit to himself study the dignified and convincing methods of Mr. Gollan. Really, to sum it up, Mr. Gollan is very good and Mr. Carlisle is very bad.

Francis Carlisle is one of the best looking of our American actors, and has done some good stage portraiture. His *Bertie Cecil*, however, is weak and inane. The only magnificent thing about Mr. Carlisle in "Under Two Flags" is his long, black, silky mustache. His art is short and cottony.

THE KICKER.

Photo by Youngs, New York.

CAPTAIN GEORGE G. TITUS,

The New Head of New York's Central Detective Bureau.

IN LOVE.

"Well, Tom, do you ever write to your girl?"

"Oh, yes, three times a week. I only see her on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday."

COMFORTING ASSURANCE.

MISTRESS—Oh, Bridget, what dirty hands!

BRIDGET—Yes, m'm; but I've just been doing the cooking

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Photo by Morrison, Chicago.

AMALIE KARLE,

one of the members of Anna Held's company, who has been turning the heads of Southern theatregoers.

"I wonder if I'll ever be a star like Anna Held."

BULLY REASON.

JORKER—I hear you have broken off your engagement with Miss Prettiface, Munnyseeker.

MUNNYSEEKER—Yes; it was her father's fault.

JORKER—How was that?

MUNNYSEEKER—Why, the idiot failed.

A FAILURE.

"When we were married," sobbed the young wife, "he said he loved me with a love more enduring than the everlasting granite!"

"And didn't it last?" queried the sympathizing friend.

"Last," echoed the young wife, drying her tears. "It didn't last as long as a wood pavement!"

"I could live very nicely on two hundred per."

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SNAP-SHOTS AT THE FAMOUS PRINCIPALS OF THE

From pictures taken especially for BROADWAY MAGAZINE

JAMES C. MASON.

LOUIS MERKEL

WILLIAM H. PLATT.

A LEAF FROM JAGSON'S DIARY.

By GEORGE A. BURNS.

AROSE at ten. Another session of cracked ice and regrets. Early rising is, I believe, conducive to good health. Think I'll have a ball (confound this head of mine). Had one, two, three. Feel better. Not such a bad old world after all. Strange what long days we're having. Guess I'll have another ball. And four others. I'll go out to the races. Better take a couple to help me pick winners.

At the track. Uncultured crowd frequent race tracks. A person 'd die of drought before any one 'd ask if he was thirsty. I'll do the pink blotter act on one or two myself. Beginning to lose count. Rapidly becoming the guardian of a very promising package. I see they've enlarged the place since I was here last. Have six tracks now.

"LAY ON, MACDUFFY,"
at the performance of the Juvenile Amateur Shakesperian Athletic Association.

WILLIAM DREHER.

Funniest races I ever saw. Horses all running backwards. Nobody seems to notice it but me. Everybody intoxicated, I suppose. Awful hold the stuff is getting on mankind. Unsociable crowd at races. Lady next me objects to my head being on her shoulder. Funny if a man can't sleep when he wants to. Well, it takes all kinds of people to make a world, as some wisemike remarked. Guess I'll fight with that man over there. Guess I won't. Heard

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LILLIPUTIAN PLAYERS NOW ON THE ROAD.

By Wilson, photographer, Chicago, Ill.

LOLA WILSON.

CANTUA SISTERS.

JENNIE QUIGLEY.

J. W. CHURCH,
the giant with the Lilliputian company.

man with him call him "Kid." He's evidently a coarse pugilist. Haven't picked a winner yet. Racing's a tiresome pastime. Going back to the city. Must take in theatre to-night. See Sarah Devine, or divine Sarah, or whatever it is. Plays "The Turtle." No, "The Rabbit." Wrong again. "The Eaglet!" Knew it was a species of bird.

Went to theatre in cab. Smiling bandit charged me eight dollars for the ride. Sidewalk pirate squeezed six more out of me for ticket. Glad I came.

Sarah is a snare and a delusion. I didn't hear her say a word all night, and what she did say I couldn't understand. Am afraid she drinks. Furthermore, she's twins. With my own eyes I saw two of her.

Enormous amount of posts they have in modern theatres. Man can't go out between acts without falling against three or four. I hit seven.

Unobliging audience, too. Handed stout lady sitting near me a ten-spot. Told her to go out and get me a quart. Hardly believe it, but she refused. Called someone a "drunken

"How young Madam Buzzy looks to-night."
"Yes; that's why I call her 'Ginger.'"
"'Gin—'; I don't see the connection."
"Why, she preserves so well, you know."

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ZELMA RAWLSTON,
one of the really clever male impersonators of the American stage.

beast." Must have meant Sarah. Terrible thing to call a lady. Man sitting in front of me threatened to dermatologize my features just because I rested my patent leathers on his collar. Awfully sensitive. Must be a Southerner.

Theatre's no place for a respectable man. Stage needs elevating more than ever. Sought out the manager. Gave him my views on the subject. Didn't seem to enthuse. I tried kindness at first. Then tried what my boxing instructor calls the "equilateral poke." Must have hit Fitzsimmons by the way he hit back. Some people have no sense of humor. I'm going home. I can see my cracked ice finish in morning without field glasses. Wow!

ROD AND LINE.

OLD GENTLEMAN (to truant little boy) —What have you caught, my boy?

TRUANT LITTLE BOY (ruefully) — Nothin'; an' don't expect to afore I git home.

THE WOMAN IN THE CASE.

This is not a fairy story,
Nor a fable gray and hoary,
That I tell you as I look you
Squarely in the face.
When a man is in a pickle,
You may gamble every nickel
There's a pert and pretty woman
Somewhere in the case.

Is the village in a flurry?
Skips the cashier in a hurry?
Does the meek, gray-bearded deacon
Swiftly fall from grace?
Be he great, or be he lowly,
Each man's heart is given wholly
To some charming little woman
(Sure to be the case).

Does the church choir quarrel? *Slightly!*
Does the lodge hold meetings nightly?
Does the haughty statesman hazard
Fate of nation or of race?
Never mind what makes the panic.
Sure his Majesty Satanic
Stirs the fire in approbation
Of the woman in the case.

—*La Gouailleuse.*

Photo by Chickering, Boston.

EDITH YERRINGTON, the original *Willie* of the original "Burgomaster" company.

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Two St. Paul dudes out for a stroll.

A COOL HALF-DOZEN WARM SNAP-SHOTS BY LEE HARRISON.

Taken by the actor-photographer during the road tour of "The Rogers Brothers in Central Park."

The Rogers Brothers looking for the stage door in St. Paul.

NELL GWYNN A KING'S MISTRESS.

THE dramatists are very kind to the memory of Nell Gwynn. In none of the plays built around this actress have the authors much more than hinted that Nell was no lady. She wasn't. She was the mistress of Charles II., the handsome English king who raised such merry thunder in his kingdom during his reign. Nell had been an orange girl at the old Drury Lane Theatre. By a series of circumstances, one of which was the fact that she was clever, she became leading lady at the famous theatre and the town was at her feet. The profligate, warm-hearted king was one of her most ardent admirers, and she became the head of a cozy establishment. The ministers of state always knew where to find Charles when he was not at his royal quarters.

Nell was much beloved by the common people, who, though knowing all about her flirtation with a king, forgave her because she was beautiful, impulsive, and made Charles do many things that won the good-will of his subjects.

Rogers Brothers entering the stage door, 28 below zero.

Gertrude Sayre, Madge Pierce and Hattie Waters posing for a Minneapolis dental parlor.

Sir William West listening to a new coster song that Baron Maurice Levi has just written.

Edna Aug laughing at the idea of working for less than 500 per, next season.

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Photo by Schloss, New York.

EMILY BAKER,

a pretty member of the Blanche Walsh company, on the road.

PERHAPS SO.

FIRST GIRL — There goes Mrs. Newlywed. Her husband is so careful of her health that he will not allow her to go shopping on a wet day.

SECOND GIRL — Hum! He probably thinks she might get near enough to the counters to buy something.

Photo by Eddowes, New York.

"DIPLOMAT,"

a prize-winning beauty at the New York Dog Show. Owned by W. J. Sturgis.

NEW YORK CHARACTER SKETCHES.

THIS is a picture of a typical New York newsboy. That is, he is the type of boy that does not wear rags, is not always pitching pennies, and whose hands are sometimes clean. He sells papers at the Cortlandt street ferry, is better dressed than the average New York gamin, never goes hungry, and has had a fair schooling. You will note that he looks rather pleased over something. This is not surprising; it is, in fact, quite natural. It is probably the first time anyone ever tried to convince him that his picture was worth taking.

Copyright, 1900, by John F. Burrow, New York.

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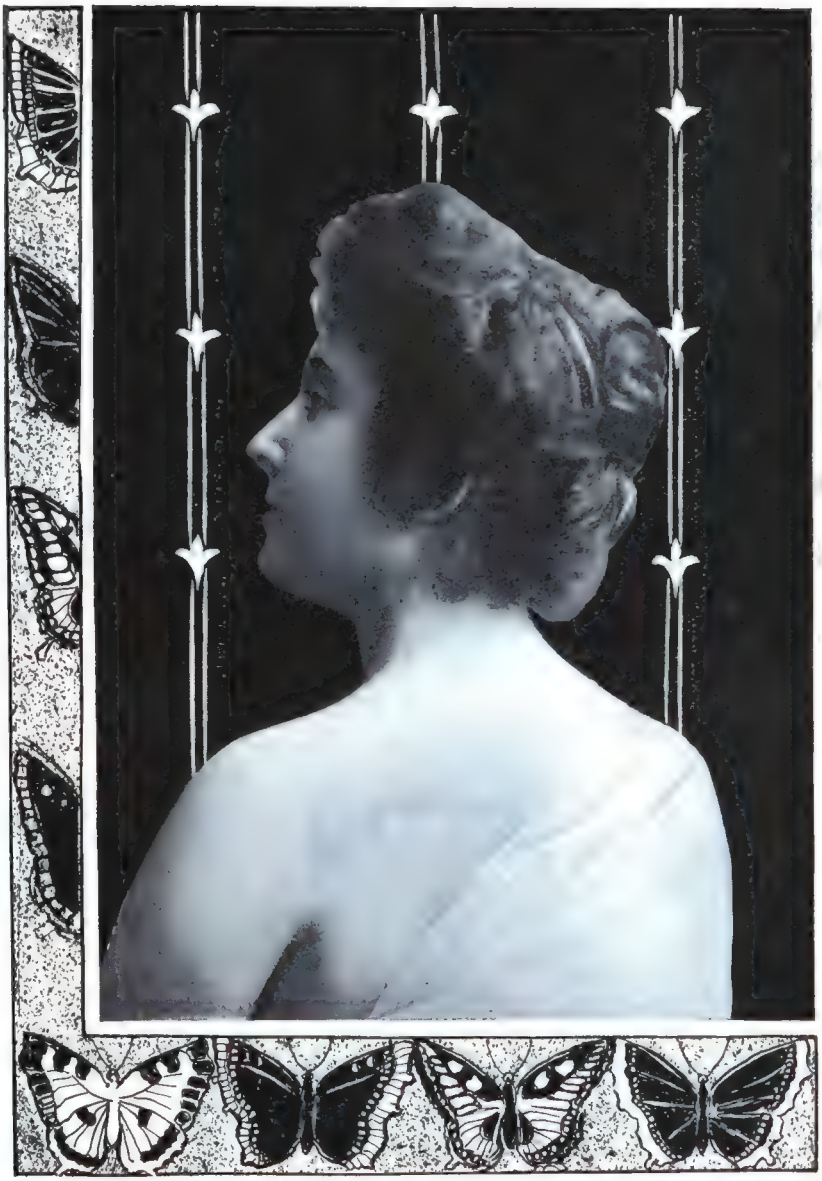

Photo by Greene, Boston.

MISS NATALIE OLCOTT,
one of the pretty girls in "My Lady" company.

A YOUNG CRITIC.

YOUNG LADY (showing her photographs to little Freddy)—Which is the best picture, dear?

"Well," eyeing them critically a moment, "this is the best, but the other looks the mostest like you!"

CONGRATULATIONS.

THE MENDICANT—Beg pardon, sir, but I haven't had anything to eat for a week.

THE PHILANTHROPIST—Let me congratulate you upon your success in so interesting an experiment. It must be a great saving to you, and I'm sure you're looking well.

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SNAP-SHOTS OF TYPICAL NEW YORK SCENES.

(From photographs by Loefler, New York.)

THE NAVARRO FLATS,
on West Fifty-ninth street, opposite Central Park.

In some ways these are the most pretentious flat-houses in New York. Apartments run as high as $10,000 a year.

SCENE ON BROADWAY NEAR WARREN STREET.

This picture was taken at a very early hour in the morning, before the Broadway traffic had reached its normal activity. The horse-car seen approaching is one of the downtown relics of old New York.

PARK ROW, WITH THE *TIMES* BUILDING IN THE IMMEDIATE FOREGROUND.

Then comes a glimpse of the *Tribune* buiding. The squatty structure with the flag floating from the top is the home of the *Sun*, while next to it is the pretentious *World* building.

BROADWAY, IN FRONT OF WANAMAKER'S
(formerly A. T. Stewart's).

In the background is shown Grace Church, one of New York's points of interest. This picture was taken some years ago, and is presented here because it gives an excellent view of two of New York's famous institutions.

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AS SEEN ALONG BROADWAY.

By James Coner Walsh.

BROADWAY, between Twenty-third and Forty-second streets, always affords a pleasant and unpleasant fund of reflection to a superficial thinker. Hardly a man or woman passes by who has not some more or less marked characteristic which may serve to distinguish him or her from others and give a clue to previous history. Of course, the clue may be an erroneous one; but if it should prove to be so, that is the fault of the sagacious soul who follows it up too closely.

Here comes a curious old bachelor of eccentric habits. Nobody knows very much about him, except a confidential man-servant, who effectually defeats any attempt to pump him on the subject of his master's eccentricities. He is on his way to the Union Club, of which he is a member, and is joined on the corner of Broadway and Twenty-fifth street by the club's secretary, Mr. Franklin Bartlett. All that I can learn of this curious old man is that he lives in apartments somewhere in Gramercy Park. His valet is the only person who is ever allowed to enter his rooms. His meals are sent from the club, and are served with extraordinary punctuality; he has a horror of tobacco and a nervous dread of automobiles. He takes a walk, between three and four every afternoon, up and down Broadway from Twenty-first to Forty-second street, stopping regularly at Kirk's for a sherry and bitters. He is supposed to be a harmless monomaniac, and there is a rumor afloat that he is always followed and watched by his valet.

This young gentleman, mowing and swaying through the crowd, is employed by J. Pierpont Morgan and Company, and is related to one of the firm. He is a rather weak-headed young snob, of very good family and very good fortune, and in course of time will be admitted to the firm. He wears a brand new suit of clothes every other day, and his bill at Rock's approximates $5,000 per annum for business suits alone. If you don't believe it, ask Rock. His views are limited to J. P. M. & Co., the Knickerbocker Club, and the richest heiress in New York.

Drawn from life by a man with a clear eye

Find the girl who is afraid of the mud on Broadway.

Let me point out the most popular purveyor of plays to the principal metropolitan theatres — Mr. Clyde Fitch. His name is well-known to playgoers who go early and come away late. He has been so successful that the newly-built house, corner of Lexington avenue and Fortieth street, represents a part of his earnings. He is much chaffed for his moody nature, but he will die some day, and then many solemn bumpers will be emptied by his club fellows to the memory of the good heart that lay under that thin veneer of cynicism.

And there goes Captain Titus, of the Detective Bureau. I wonder if he's thinking of trunk-murder mysteries. He is a graduate of the University of the City of New York, and has practiced law in this city. It was Inspector Burns who "brought up" Titus, and when the Captain was in the ranks of the Bureau, he had his share of honorable service. It was he who solved the Baltimore trunk mystery—the murder of a seaman by Edward Unger, an old sea captain. It was he, also,

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MRS. ANNIE YEAMANS AND DAUGHTER JENNIE.

Photo by the Glasotype Company, New York.

who ran down Johnson, the trained nurse who robbed his employer, W. N. Dunning, of money and jewels in the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Another success which should not be forgotten was won in the Matthew Morgan diamond robbery case—the capture of the negro Dorsey, within a month.

She is bound for the Herald Building, and I know the nature of the advertisement she will push through the window. She lives on "Personals," and her *aliases* are many.

"From what befell our Mother Eve,
A lesson may the Church receive;
For Eve when she the vestments wore
Was Eve angelical no more."

Hello! Dan Daly as large as life! Mr. Daly's preoccupied demeanor and melancholy visage suggest that his next new part is the most prominent subject matter of his reflections. As a "kicker"—"a systematic kicker"—Mr. Daly easily carries off the palm. From the hour of his birth he has kicked, and he owes a great deal of his success to that fact.

A wicked old character is entering the Metropole at Forty-second street—a man of disgraceful habits and pursuits—a coarse old villain without a trace of decent feeling about him. He stands at his club window by day, leering at every respectable woman that passes, in a manner that would ensure him a hearty kicking were he not the enfeebled, palsied, paretic old fool he is. At dinner he drinks himself into a condition of drivelling imbecility, from which he arouses himself only in time to stagger round to another bar. His income is probably derived from the contributions of disgusted connections who pay him to keep out of their sight; and when he dies, he will die, unattended, in some place of unsavory reputation. You know him, don't you?

A notable figure in New York at the present time is that of a tall, youthful man with strong healthy strides and the shoulders of an athlete, who walks down Fifth avenue with a zest and vigor that imply a good digestion and an easy conscience. His easy stride alone would suggest a man in perfect physical condition. This broad-shouldered man is Professor A. Barker, one of New York's famous physical instructors, who has on his lists the names of many swagger young men of the metropolis. Professor Barker is better groomed than most strong men.

Photos by Sarony, New York.

THOMAS MEIGHAN,
a handsome young actor who made a hit with Grace George.

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AMERICA'S MATINEE HEROES

CHARLES J. ROSS,
of Chamberlyn's "My Lady" company.

EDGAR L. DAVENPORT,
who appears in "In the Palace of the King."

?? KATHERINE FLORENCE ??

WHAT is the matter with Katherine Florence? Here is a clever little woman who at one time was one of our best American ingénues. Of course, she was never built for a leading lady, but how she could possibly do the bad work that has characterized her appearance in "The Lash of a Whip," at the Lyceum Theatre, it is hard to understand.

Miss Florence, who, at one time, was all grace and naturalness, is now painfully affected.

Again: What is the matter with Katherine Florence? THE QUERIST.

* This series of American Matinee Heroes was begun in BROADWAY MAGAZINE for October, 1899, and has been continued each month since.

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Photo by Schloss, New York.

THE MOST BEAUTIFULLY-FORMED WOMAN ON THE AMERICAN STAGE.

This is the title that some years ago was bestowed on Vernona Jarbeau and which she still holds to-day. Miss Jarbeau is of the dark-eyed French-American type of actress, much of whose popularity is due to the piquant style of singing songs. Miss Jarbeau once starred in a piece called "Starlight," which was not by any means a tremendous success.

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Photo by Morrison, Chicago.

GERTRUDE RUTLEDGE, A SHAPELY YOUNG AMERICAN COMEDIENNE.

A few years ago Miss Rutledge was associated with the E. D. Rice companies, but now featured on the road and has been a favorite in the West during the present season.

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WOMEN OF MELODY.

By F. W. H.

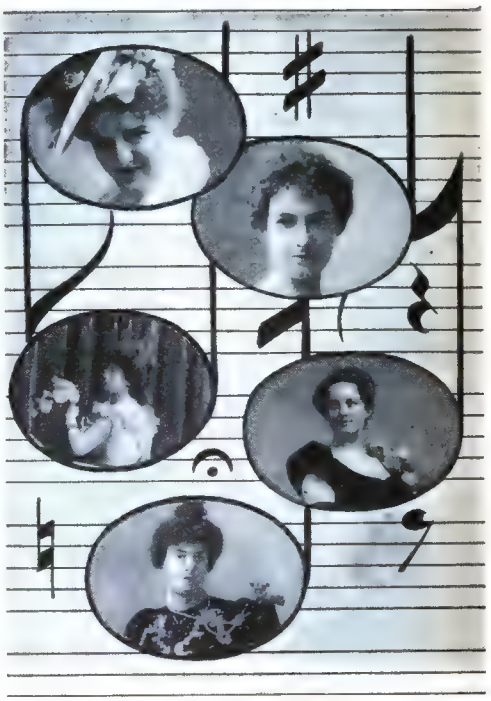
AS a rule, when comic-opera singers sing well they lack good looks, and when they are good-looking they can't sing.

Maude Hollins—she of the top note—is an agreeable exception. Not only is she good to look at, but she sings well, too.

Edith J. Miller, the contralto, is a different type of singer. She essays heavy oratorio and concert work. It is doubtful if any other singer, male or female, of her age has so large a repertory as she has. She is now in London and will not return until next season.

When Katherine Bloodgood went into vaudeville musical America stood aghast. In the minds of some she lost caste as an artist, while others applauded the step she had taken.

Mme. Norcrosse, although American born, is not as well known in her own country as she is in England. She made her début in London several years ago, and since then she has been singing with great success throughout Great Britain. Her voice is a pure soprano of unusual beauty.

Mlle. Lucienne Breval, who, next to Mme. Calvé, is the most noted French soprano on the operatic stage, recently arrived from Paris. She is statuesque rather than vivacious in style.

Copyright, 1900, by Dupont, New York.

MAUDE HOLLINS. EDITH J. MILLER.
LUCIENNE BREVAL. KATHERINE BLOODGOOD.
MME. NORCROSSE.

SHE—Isn't Mrs. Jones lively? She always cuts up so.
HE—Judging by her shoulders, I should say she always cuts low.

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Miss Barrymore and Mr. Reeves Smith in Act II.

ETHEL BARRYMORE IN "CAPTAIN JINKS."

With two flashlights, by Byron, New York.

THE whole town has been talking about Ethel Barrymore, who certainly has shown that she is a worthy daughter of Maurice Barrymore and the late Georgie Drew Barrymore.

Miss Barrymore, who received her earliest stage training in the company of her uncle, John Drew, practically made her début as a star in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," the new Clyde Fitch comedy. In this piece she enacts the rôle of a prima donna who makes her appearance in New York during the 70's under somewhat interesting circumstances. This rôle Miss Barrymore plays with arch grace and a daintiness we hardly expected to see in this tall beautiful girl with the lovely eyes.

Miss Barrymore in trouble in Act II.

THE SANDOW OF THE KEYBOARD.

MARTINUS SIEVEKING, the Dutch pianist, is renowned not only for his playing, but also for his enormous strength.

As is well known, all great pianists are obliged to spend many hours each day in practice. Sieveking spends eight and often ten hours a day at the piano. The result, in his case, is an astonishing development of the arm and shoulder muscles. Naturally a strong man, the many thousands of hours spent in practice on the keyboard have made his arm inches larger than that of Sandow. Sandow and he are great friends, and at a private contest of strength between the two, held in Chicago during the World's Fair, Sieveking performed many feats of strength which were entirely beyond Sandow.

Copyrigat, 1900, by Gessford, Union Square, New York.

MARTINUS SIEVEKING.

His fingers are probably stronger than those of any man who ever lived. A hearty handshake from Sieveking means broken fingers for the poor victim.

The average man can span nine or ten keys on the piano, while this phenomenal player has no difficulty in covering thirteen.

His playing has improved wonderfully since he was last heard in this country some years ago, and lovers of music enjoyed a rare treat when this artist made his reappearance.

CRUEL NELL.

"I say, Nell, how do you think my new song will go?"

"First rate. The title will hit them—'I Would Not Have Thee Wait.'"

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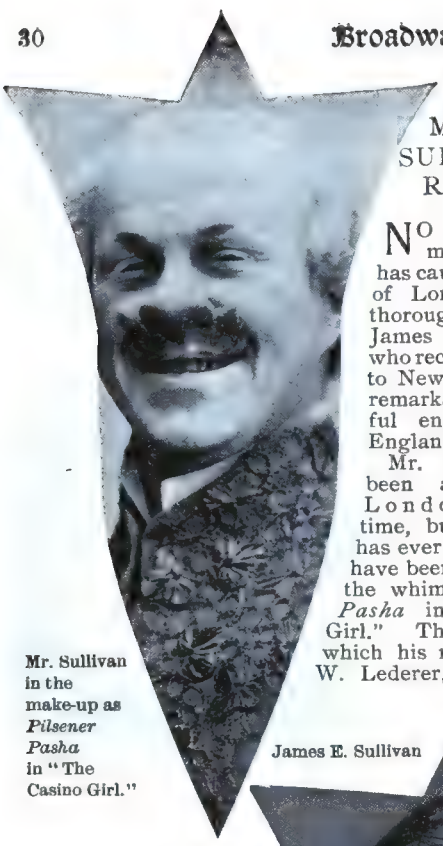
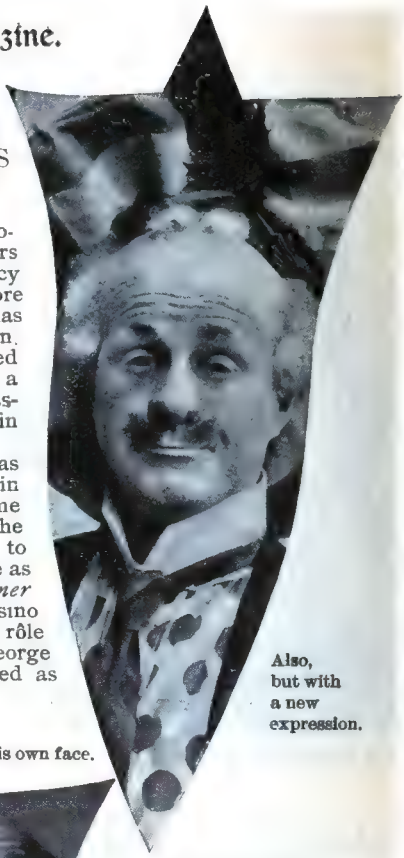
CO-MEDIAN SULLIVAN'S RETURN.

NO American comedian in years has caught the fancy of Londoners more thoroughly than has James E. Sullivan, who recently returned to New York after a remarkably successful engagement in England.

Mr. Sullivan has been appearing in London for some time, but nothing he has ever done seems to have been as notable as the whimsical *Pilsener Pasha* in "The Casino Girl." This is the rôle which his manager, George W. Lederer, has selected as being the one best fitted to make this comedian's reappearance on this side of the water an unqualified success.



Mr. Sullivan in the make-up as *Pilsener Pasha* in "The Casino Girl."



Also, but with a new expression.

James E. Sullivan with his own face.

Comedian Sullivan came back laden with laudatory notices of the English critics, who at first were inclined to look askance at this actor who dared to trample on tradition and play his parts in his own way.

Mr. Sullivan has been given an opportunity to star, but he has been identified with Casino successes, and no doubt will continue to appear under Mr. Lederer's management.

COMING INTO HIS OWN.

YOU can't down a man who has the courage of his conviction, and who has energy enough to carry out his plans. That is why A. H. Chamberlyn is to-day a pretty lively figure in American theatricals. For two or three years after he came to this country he met with the most disheartening obstacles in every direction. Like most men who make a stir on this earth, he had plenty of enemies, and they never lost an opportunity to hurt him. He has stuck to his oars, however, has carried out some of the ideas which brought him to America, and finds himself in a stronger position to-day than ever before. All of which seems to prove pretty conclusively that brains and stickativeness are pretty good working capital.

THE BABBLER.

CORRECT.

HUDSON, N. Y.,
Feb'y 27.

In answer to your question on page 325, March No. of BROADWAY, it is "Jeannette Connor." Do not try to bluff, as I know her.

THOS. HARMON,
79 South Third st.,
Hudson, N. Y.

This gentleman refuses to be fooled, therefore the year's subscription is his.

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THE EUGENIE BLAIR KISS.

MISS EUGENIE BLAIR HAS BEEN RAISING A HULLABALOO WITH THE COMPOSURE OF A CERTAIN YOUNG MAN OF MILWAUKEE. HERE ARE HIS BURNING WORDS ABOUT HER KISS.

"THE Eugenie Blair kiss! Who that saw it will never forget the soul-absorbing thrilling, throbbing, long-prolonged intensity, as with lip to lip she becomes almost a part of her lover, *Don Jose*, as the pulsating mass of wanton femininity, the voluptuous and passionate *Carmen*.

"Every kiss you ever heard of or imagined sinks into nothingness compared to it, and Olga Nethersole's exploits as *Sapho* become tamely puritanical and insipid beside this hot bunch of osculation which is designed to make Miss Blair famous. There is no apparent pretense, no affectation, no tragic frugality Liquefied air would rise to boiling heat if brought into contact. It is as warm as hades, as soft as butter and as sticky as warm mucilage. It is no mere smack, no fleeting and ephemeral dab, a kiss and then a breakaway—not at all. Their faces seem glued together, their bodies rock and quiver with emotion, while arms and limbs seem so intertwined that whose is whose is undeterminable. The seconds pass and still the tension, the proximity, the ardor, fervor and concentration on the business at hand is maintained.

Photo by Rockwood, New York.

ARLIE ARLINGTON,
the dancer of the "Vienna Life" company, recently seen at the Broadway Theatre, New York.

How long that kiss really lasts no one will ever be able to accurately tell.

"Every heart and head visible is too interested, so alluring, seductive and enticing is it. Every eye is strained to catch every motion, every nerve tingles with reciprocal emotion, waiting for the end. It seems an age since these two came together and yet but a few moments can have elapsed. Time cannot be recorded by ordinary methods on such occasions, but on the minds of the thousands of spectators the Eugenie Blair kiss remains indelibly stamped as the most voluptuous, unbridled and uncurbed, infectious, primrose-colored, and altogether as wicked a kiss as was ever perpetrated on or off the stage."

TELL-TALES.

REV. MR. ARLINGTON—You should always be particular about details, Miss Tucker. It is little things that tell.

NELLIE—I know that. I have three small sisters.

USEFUL.

MOTHER—What in the world ever possessed you to give Mr. Bingo a razor?

DAUGHTER—He never seems to realize how tender my face is.

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AN ENGLISH PICTURE OF PROTO, THE ITALIAN-AMERICAN DANCER.

Miss Proto has been appearing in the production of "My Lady" at the Victoria Theatre, New York. She is a clever dancer and suggests the ease and agility of the Continental première. Miss Proto is well known throughout the country.

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A Broadway Beauty.

The latest photo of
MAZIE FOLLETTE
by Sarony, New York.

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"SWEET NELL" IN LONDON.

By Clement Scott (*Free Lance*).

I WAS somewhat severely taken to task the other day for saying that long practice had taught me to feel the pulse of the public in "sitting out a play." I was gravely told that I ought to endeavor to lead the public, and not allow the public to lead me. I really do not think I have ever done anything of the kind. But a long career of playgoing has created in me a curious sympathetic sensitiveness. With my back turned to the audience, without looking at a single face, I can feel the effect of a play on the assembled audience. It is in the atmosphere of the playhouse. In all that audience how few could explain or analyze their feelings. But there they are recorded in the atmosphere.

BRANDON THOMAS,
author of "Charley's Aunt," as a London caricaturist sees him.

I have been told why I should not like "Sweet Nell." Its historical inaccuracies have been pointed out. I am informed the exact date on which Judge Jeffreys became a terror and a tyrant. Grave men have wagged their beards at me, and told me why I should not encourage "Sweet Nell." But I am obstinate and determined to tell the people of a play that will amuse them and make them happy. Not on the well-known Dr. Fell principle do I say, "I swear I love thee, Drury Nell; the reason why I cannot tell, but still I love thee, Singing Nell!" but because I know Paul Kester's play to be bright, amusing, clever, and admirably constructed.

* * *

The beautiful Julia Neilson has worked hard, her art has developed, and she is now an actress, ripe with experience. She acts with abundant comedy, force and energy, and she sings "like an angel." Nothing better has been seen in recent times than the last picture of delightful Nell going "a-singing" down the staircase. She has caught the spirit, the exact tone, of Sweet Nell of Old Drury. Fred Terry is an ideal King, handsome, semi-cynical as he should be, but delightfully refined and well bred—in fact a King.

* * *

Believe me, wherever this play is produced it will succeed, for it is a play—not a plaything. You may argue about it until your tongue is tired, but still it will succeed; for it is bright, it is interesting, it never halts or pauses, it is light and variable, it is a thing of the theatre—not of the closet. We go to the theatre to see, not to read. Inaccurate, unhistorical—nonsense! Every dramatist may be so condemned, from Shakespeare downwards. If I mistake not, Julia Neilson and Fred Terry will be the Mr. and Mrs. Kendall of the future. Art is safe in their hands.

MARGUERITE CORNILLE,
of Corbett fame, at the Tivoli, London.

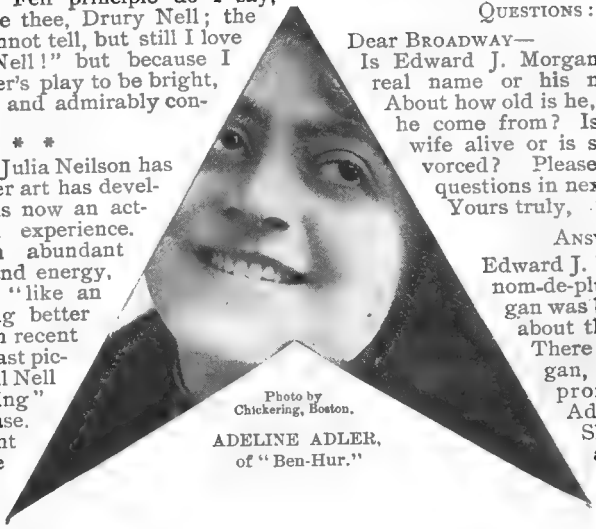

Photo by Chickering, Boston.

ADELINE ADLER,
of "Ben-Hur."

AS TO EDWARD J. MORGAN.

Questions:

Dear Broadway—
Is Edward J. Morgan Mr. Morgan's real name or his nom-de-plume? About how old is he, and where does he come from? Is Mr. Morgan's wife alive or is she dead or divorced? Please answer these questions in next month's issue.
Yours truly, "Quo Vadis."

Answers:

Edward J. Morgan is not a nom-de-plume. Mr. Morgan was born in England about thirty years ago. There is a Mrs. Morgan, who is known professionally as Adelaide Cushman. She is very much alive.

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"IN GAY PAREE."

[From our special Paris correspondent, Frank Lloyd.]

PARIS, March, 1901.

THE *cafes* are packed just now. At four o'clock one is rarely able to get a seat in any of the better *cafés*. But my particular waiter, Charles, always reserves a little corner for me at the Café de la Paix, where I can look through the American papers.

* * *

A friend of mine—a Bohemian—gave me an account of an amusing lunch of which he had recently partaken. His host was a count, whose name was prominent some little time ago on account of his heavy gambling. It appears that his wife, who was a very wealthy woman, had separated from him, giving him a small monthly allowance, and leaving him her famous cellar of wine.

FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

* * *

This special luncheon took place towards the end of the month. The *menu* consisted of two toasted herrings only and a couple of bottles of Rhine wine, worth twenty-five francs the bottle. My friend was of opinion that the exquisite bouquet of the wine quite made up for the meagre fare.

* * *

A divinity of exceeding beauty recently gave a swagger supper at one of the big restaurants in the Rue Royale. The guests consisted of members of both sexes, the fair ones numbering among them some of the most radiant beauties of Paris. The hostess presided at one end of the table, and kept them all on the *qui vive* with her wit.

* * *

At last some of them noticed a pale, timid youth at the other end of the table, but no one seemed to know who he was. He was well dressed, and did not speak to anyone.

"Who is the gentleman?" whispered one fair lady.

"I don't know," answered another.

"And you?" turning to another.

"*Moi non plus.*"

But the youth continued to eat serenely.

* * *

When the supper was over, he timidly called for the bill. The bill was paid with a couple of 500-franc notes, from which he didn't get much change. After having paid the bill he rose from the table, bowed politely to the guests, and left the room with the hostess on his arm. I suppose he considers that he is seeing life.

* * *

A gentleman of distinguished manners is what the French people call a "*marcheur*." He has lately fallen in love. With the advance of age, his hair has left him, and a friend was wont to shut him up as follows:—"I know nothing more polished in the world than X., unless it be his own head." As I remarked just now, he has fallen in love, and the object of his affections is a well-known blonde "*divette*" of great beauty.

* * *

The old "*marcheur*" paid her much attention, which she seemed inclined

From a photo by Merrick.

FLORINE, A FRENCH DANCER.

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ROSELLE, a French beauty, whose pictures are the latest Parisian novelty in chic photography. Photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

to accept, but there was a condition attached to it—namely, that he should make her a present of a certain valuable turquoise bracelet, which she admired very much. He promised to give it to her. And then he happened to fall asleep in an armchair—a failing which sometimes accompanies old age. He awoke with a start, and after kissing her hand, departed for his club.

* * *

A cry of surprise, which he failed to understand, greeted him as he entered the smoking-room. But with the aid of a couple of looking-glasses some friends quickly enlightened him. On the top of his bald pate, painted in blue, were the words:

"*Above all, do not forget my bracelet.*"

He now thinks he will wear a wig. * * *

The recent cold weather here came very suddenly, and, as a consequence, interfered a good deal with the water arrangements. On the second night of the frost there were some very lively people having supper at a well-known restaurant in Montmartre. As the evening was coming to an end, one bright young thing left the room and came back in a few minutes with a discontented expression on her face. But in a moment she brightened up.

* * *

"Waiter, another bottle of champagne and a punch-bowl."

"The same as before, madame?" said the waiter.

"No, a cheap one. I want to wash my hands. The pipes are frozen in the lavatory."

Indeed, she proceeded to do so, and afterwards dried them on a serviette.

Thank heavens! we don't breed such lunatics in New York.

* * *

The scene is a flat in the Champs Elysées, where dwells a famous actress of the world-half-worldly. The salon is full of exquisite flowers, and around the table is gathered a crowd of men and women. Fun is rampant and the hostess takes the lead. Never has she been more witty or more devil-may care. The guests heard sounds of revelry in an adjoining chamber.

* * *

"Another party?" asked one.

"No," answered the hostess; "it is only my servants enjoying themselves."

At a late hour in the morning the guests departed, saying that it was one of the most enjoyable evenings that they had ever spent. It has now leaked out that the sound of revelry which had been heard was the laughter of the brokers who had seized the furniture that same morning. There is nothing but admiration for the nerve of the fair one.

* * *

A couple of "gommeux" were seated in one of the *cafes* on the grand boulevards. The American equivalent of "gommeux" is "masher." I was seated at the next table, and the drivel they talked made me feel ill. A young woman came in. She was clothed in

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Another fetching picture of Roselle.

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

exquisite sable, and I recognized her as a well-known performer in comic opera. One of the "gommeux" stared at her hard, and then raised his hat. She looked at him coldly and passed into the supper-room.

* * *

"Do you know her?" asked his friend in a tone expressive of much admiration.

"Yes," answered the other after a little hesitation.

"Where did you meet her?"

"I travelled in the same carriage from Auteuil."

"Alone?" said the other in an astonished voice.

"No; there were eight other people in the carriage."

And then they resumed their intellectual talk.

* * *

The following little comedy took place in a very pretty nest near the Arc de Triomphe, which is inhabited by a captivating little woman whose friends call her "Cléo." The fair one has two great admirers—one a grave, elderly gentleman, very wealthy (and whom she hopes to marry), while the other is much nearer her own age. The other morning she happened to be sitting with the elderly one *tete-à-tete* in the drawing-room. It appears that the servant had gone out to perform some commission, leaving the front door open. As luck would have it, the young Lothario presented himself at this moment, and seeing the front door open walked in as if the place belonged to him. Naturally, they were all a little embarrassed, but the young one didn't lose his head.

* * *

"I regret, madame, to disturb you," he began, coolly addressing the mistress of the house, "but I have paid many calls here to obtain payment of my bill, and on each occasion the servant has told me that you were out. To-day I found the door open, and profited by it, as you see."

* * *

Cléo was no fool, and seized the point at once. So she began to storm and rave, and ordered the impudent "bill collector" to leave her flat. But the old gentleman interfered.

* * *

"How much does this lady owe you, sir?" he asked with dignity.

"Five hundred and forty francs," answered the boy, after just a moment's hesitation.

"Here they are, sir," said the *vieux*.

The boy pocketed the notes, but returned the same evening and gave them to Cléo.

* * *

BROADWAY MAGAZINE readers will enjoy a translation of a little piece by Alphonse Allais, who is, perhaps, the leading humorist of France. I am afraid that it is quite impossible to retain all the good points that the original possesses, but here goes—

THE CAUTIOUS CRIMINAL.

With an instrument (of American make) which very much resembled one of those sardine-tin openers, the burglar made two incisions in the iron shutters, one vertical and one

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A NEW AND FETCHING PICTURE OF MADGE LESSING.
The American actress goes to Paris to sing for the paltry sum of $1,000 per week.

horizontal, which met at the same point. Then with dexterous hand he pulled the triangle of metal towards him as if it was a sheet of paper. For the robber was strong.

Thereupon he penetrated into the little vestibule which preceded the main door.

Next for the glass, which he cut with the aid of a Cape diamond.

There was then nothing to prevent his entering the shop. So tranquilly and methodically he proceeded to fill his sack with precious stones and ornaments which appeared to him to be of exceptional value.

He was nearly at the end of his task when at the back of the shop the proprietor, M. Jossé, made his appearance with a candle in one hand and a revolver in the other.

The robber saluted him with much politeness and affability.

"I did not wish to pass—so near you," said he, "without wishing you good-day."

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AN OLD STORY TO CELESTE.

"My dear Mlle. Celeste, you're madly in love with old money-bags."
"But, doctor, how can you tell?"
"By the perfectly calm way in which your pulse beats."

And then as the silversmith approached him without distrust the robber struck him on the head with a life-preserver (of American manufacture).

The sack was then rapidly filled.

The robber went out into the street, when a thought suddenly struck him.

So going back he sat down at the desk and wrote some words on a piece of paper. With the aid of some drawing-pins he attached this writing to the shutters of the shop so that early passers might be able to read it:

Closed on account of a death in the family.

FRANK LLOYD.

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From a photo taken especially for Broadway Magazine by Johnson, Salt Lake City.

"WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES?"
We leave you to guess what happened after his wife caught him.

FOOTLIGHT GOSSIP.

CORSE PAYTON will not play in "Only a Peck of Diamonds" next season.

* * *

Henry E. Dixey has received an offer to star again next year as a prestidigitateur. Keller practically has the field to himself now.

* * *

Clyde Fitch is writing a play for James K. Hackett. It will probably be a romance.

* * *

William Collier has done so well with "On the Quiet" this year that it will be his standby for next season.

* * *

Marie Dressler is considering for next season a farce that has been submitted to her by a young actor, who pleads guilty to a first attempt.

* * *

It is not unlikely that Chauncey Olcott will play in England next year. His manager, Augustus Pitou, has an offer for the production of "Garrett O'Magh."

* * *

There have been constant rumors along Broadway during the present season to the effect that next season will see the old firm of Ross & Fenton again in the vaudeville houses.

* * *

"Under Two Flags" will not be seen on the road until next season. In the meantime only two or three large cities will be visited.

THE FOOTLIGHTER.

NOT MANY, THOUGH.

"Everybody knows about it," said Mrs. Bickers, during a temporary cessation of hostilities. "Some people take her part and some take her husband's part."

"And I suppose," snarled Bickers, "there are a few eccentric individuals who mind their own business?"

IN THE CLASS-ROOM AT A NEW YORK SCHOOL.
Snap-shot scene during a busy hour at the New York School of Illustrating.

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MISS BERGERE AS "MADAME BUTTERFLY."

Valerie Bergere has made a tremendous hit in the title rôle of "Madame Butterfly." The production of the Belasco piece at the Proctor houses was one of the season's notable dramatic events.

MUNYON—PINKHAM.

We are asked to announce the marriage of Lydia Lynn Pinkham to Azarias Munyon—or *vice versa;* we forget which. *The Medical Axe*, please copy.

DIFFERENT THEN.

CLARA—Did you notice Mr. Spooner's new trousers—what a beautiful crease they had?

MAUDE—Yes; but you should have seen them after he called on me.

KNEW THE SEX.

MRS. FIDGET—Now, Tommy, I want you to be as quiet as a mouse! I'm reading.

TOMMY (scornfully)—Huh! If I was a mouse you'd jump up on a chair and yell!

Photo by Chickering, Boston.

VALERIE BERGERE,
who has scored an artistic triumph in "Madame Butterfly."

NATURALLY.

TOM—You say the bride and bridegroom looked nice; what about the guests?

WILL—Oh, they took the cake.

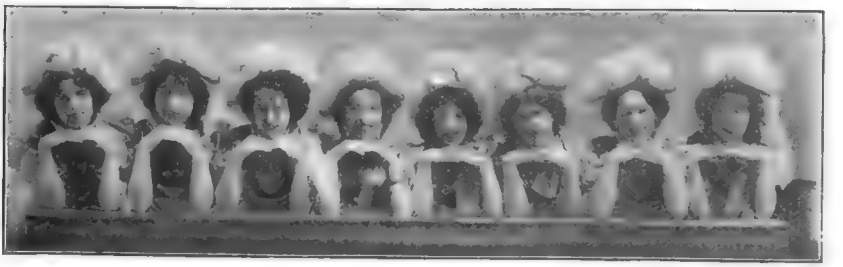
"HERE LIES."

This is the title of a book published by the New Amsterdam Book Company, of New York, which is quite a lively affair when you take into consideration the fact that the whole scheme is entwined around the epitaphs on tombstones in various parts of the world. This would make a good companion book to "Tomb Roses," another lively thing recently published.

GOOD JUDGE.

GAYBOY—How long did your wife let you remain at the seaside?

ROUNDER—Until I began sending her typewritten letters.



SNAP-SHOT OF THE TILLER TROUPE,
a famous English theatrical group of poseurs and singers.

OUT HE WENT!

"Look here, George," said Mrs. Pepper, "I've been aggravated enough, so don't you put me out."

"Certainly not, my love," returned George suavely; "I'll go out myself. Don't sit up for me."

NOT SO MANY.

"You—hic—you ain't sho many," said Mr. Bounce, as he wabbled into the hall.

"No?" said his wife, as she pulled him out of his overcoat.

"No! Ain't more'n two of you t'night; ushually shree."

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THREE INTERESTING YOUNG WOMEN OF THE AMERICAN STAGE.

1. Edna Burch. 2. Grace Allison. 3. Rose Clarke.

These are examples of three of the latest Sarony pictures, and consequently of interest to all lovers of photographs. They are published exclusively in Broadway Magazine. The types, while not beautiful in every respect, are certainly typical of American womanhood, and of value to collectors of American pictures. It was Napoleon Sarony, by the way, who first made a study of American types as applied to photography, and many of his studies are to-day recognized as masterpieces in the world of cameras. It will be remembered by Broadway Magazine readers that we once published a series of Miss Clarke's pictures that were some of the most successful that have ever appeared in these pages.

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From her latest photos taken in the Sarony Studio, New York.

HATTIE WILLIAMS, WHO PLAYS THE TITLE ROLE IN "THE GIRL FROM MAXIM'S."

Hattie Williams is certainly a born comedienne. The spirit of fun and humor gleams from her eyes, speaks eloquently in every movement, and is there to stay. It is only a very few years since Miss Williams was practically unknown. She first attracted attention in New York as a member of May Irwin's company. She has been doing excellent work as the saucy Frenchwoman in the brisk but not impossible "Girl From Maxim's." Miss Williams hails from Boston (and, if we were fond of puns, we might also add that she has been reigning in theatres on the road this year. We abhor puns, however, so please cut this out).

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TWENTIETH CENTURY HUMOR.

"There's Marguerite, who, every one says, is to marry the manager."

"I suppose she has made such a hit that he wants to keep her in the family."

IN HARD LUCK.

"Do you believe in signs?"

"Of course I do. One fell on me yesterday."

EXPLAINED.

POLICEMAN (to cabman whose horse has fallen)—I'm afraid the poor devil s badly hurt

CABMAN (and he winked the other eye)—Don't you make no mistake, copper. That there animile knows as how I've got that there old gent in my keb *by the hour*.

THE USUAL WAY.

JUDGE — It's perfectly disgraceful! You were so drunk that it took four policemen to take you to the station.

PRISONER—Only four? Why, I saw eight of 'em.

NATURALLY.

HER FATHER — But do you think you can support my daughter?

SUITOR—Certainly, sir. I'm a professional strong man.

WHY NOT?

HIGGS—I say, what did you write to enable you to be elected a member of the Authors' Club?

SMITH — My application for membership, you know.

CUTE TOMMY.

TOMMY — Tell me a story, Uncle.

UNCLE—A story! But I don't know what to tell you a story about.

TOMMY—Oh, tell me a story about a little boy who had a good uncle who gave him a quarter.

LOUISE—But doesn't he love you?

ALICE—Of course; that's the trouble. He loves me so much that for a whole week he hasn't given me one excuse for calling him down. What fun is there in life, anyway?

VERY WELL, THANK YOU.

DOCTOR—How do you sleep?

IRISHMAN—Shure, docthor, Oi slape wid me oyes shut.

Tastes differ. Some people can see beauty in a looking-glass; others cannot.

"That poor girl is in trouble."

"Here, lady, I'll save you from the villain."

And then came the sensation.

HOW SYMPATHETIC MR. JONES MADE A SENSATION

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Frustrated Elopement.

THE woman gave a last look round the familiar room, and placed the letter in a prominent place where her husband would be likely to notice it on his return.

Finally she thrust her jewel-box into her dressing-case, and, after a moment's hesitation, left the room.

* * * * * *

John Brayton sat before the fire in his sitting-room with a very discontented expression on his face. Now and again he would glance at the photograph of a beautiful woman which rested on the mantelpiece.

He rose with a smothered oath and took the photo in his hands. A last look, and it was seized from its silver frame, a tearing noise and the remains were burning in the fire.

"I wish to heaven I could get rid of her as easily," he muttered to himself. "Married women are the very devil. I suppose I loved her once. A tender heart is an undesirable possession, otherwise I should have got rid of her long ago."

A gentle tap at the door and a woman entered. She placed a dressing-case on the table and let herself fall on the sofa with a sigh.

"I've come——" she said at last.

"So I see," he said coldly.

"To stay."

"Great heavens—what do you mean?" he demanded.

"It is very simple. You've made me love you. My husband comes back to-morrow and I can't face him. I love you, John. Take me away from it all."

The man strode up and down the room with a frown on his face, and the woman looked at him anxiously

"You don't know what you've done. You must go back at once."

"I can't. I love you," she said pleadingly.

"Have you written to your husband?"

"I've left a note at home."

A sigh of relief came from his lips.

"That's all right. He doesn't come back till to-morrow. You must go home at once."

"I don't understand you," she said with ominous calm. "You've told me a million times that you loved me and that life was not worth living without me."

"I was a fool then."

She rose from her seat and advanced to him.

"Look at me, John—don't you love me?" she said, laying her hand on his shoulder.

He roughly brushed it off.

"No—if you wish the truth. At least not sufficiently to go through a divorce-court for your sake. No, thank you. I've no money, as you know."

"It has only been *pour passer le temps* in an inexpensive manner! I see. What a fool I've been! And I loved you so! You cur!" she said, with rising anger. "That is my bitterest punishment."

"I think you had better go home," he said, taking out his watch. "It's rather late. You will want to look your best when you meet him to-morrow. It has been such a long parting—a hero returning from the wars, too."

"You brute!" she said taking a step forward and striking him across the face.

With a sob she hurried from the room, then hailed a cab and told the cabman to drive round Central Park for an hour.

Calmness returned, and with it a bitter hatred of the man. She thought how loving her husband had been to her, and sighed. After all, she still had him and might be happy yet.

Almost joyfully she told the cabman to drive to her home. She would not be at ease till she had that dreadful letter in her hand.

She opened the door with her key and ascended the stairs.

There seemed to be an ominous stillness. She switched on the light and hastened to the letter. But she drew back with a scream. For it lay open on the table, covered with spots. And on the floor was her husband, with the blood trickling from a bullet wound in his forehead.

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"Did I make a hit, Charley?"
"I should say so. It was a case of 'rubber' all over the house."
"Oh, that's stretching it a little too far."

A NEW ONE BY CHAUNCEY.

HERE'S a story that is going the rounds as having been told by Chauncey Mitchell Depew on himself.

Senator Depew was riding across town in a Forty-second street car. The conductor came around for his fare. Depew fumbled in his waistcoat pocket and could not find the necessary nickel.

"I am sorry, conductor," said the Senator, "but I find that I've come out without any change. It'll be all right, however. I'll send the fare down to the office with a note."

"Shure," said the minion, "you'll do narthin' o' the sort. Ye'll pay the nickel now, or, begorra, ye'll walk."

"But, my dear sir," said the Senator, backed up by all the suavity of forty years of after-dinner speaking, "I can assure you it's all right. I am Chauncey Depew."

"I don't give a damn if you're Chauncey Olcott. Ye'll pay the nickel or walk."

The Senator walked.

THE STORYTELLER.

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WITH OUR SAILOR BOYS AT ANNAPOLIS.

SNAP-SHOTS AT UNCLE SAM'S TRAINING SCHOOL FOR THE NATION'S COMING DEWEYS,

Taken for BROADWAY MAGAZINE by George Grantham Bain.

RICHARD CROKER, JR., AT COLLEGE.

His cry is, "I came here to work," and he acts on that principle.

THE eldest son of Richard Croker, the famous Tammany leader, is one rich man's son who does not mean to go through life on the money and reputation which his father leaves him. The father has impressed on the son who bears his name that, while there are still chances for the young man, to be able to take advantage of these chances and opportunities offered to him requires most extensive and thorough preparation.

A dormitory and three of its occupants.

Commander of Ships Edward Waller Earle in his cabin-room.

Croker's son is going to be a politician eventually, and he certainly has more advantages than his father had at the start. It is because he has these advantages that he is going to follow a different road from that which led his parent to the top of the political pile. He is going in for law, and with that object in view he entered the College of Law of Cornell University in October last. He completed his academic work at Brown University, and will therefore be able to graduate with the class of 1903.

Young Richard Croker is anything but what most people expect him to be—especially people who have some acquaintance with the typical rich man's son, and who have heard that this particular son owns a kennel of bull-dogs worth many thousands of dollars. On meeting him one is first impressed with his quiet and extremely modest manner, and a sense of reserve which does not annoy and which is utterly removed from snob-

Commander of Ships Eberle and Captain H. H. Clark.

Captain Richard Wainwright, Superintendent.

Going to dinner.

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FREDERIC EDWARD McKAY,
a well-known Broadwayite, and his particular hobby.

bishness. He asks for nothing on account of his wealth or the prominence of his father: he desires to be taken for himself alone. He is studious to a degree that has won him the interest of his professors and the remark of his fellow-students. He dresses with a quiet good taste, and does not even follow the fashion of extremes so popular among college men of all ranks in life.

In appearance young Croker has many of his father's pronounced traits. He has what the college world knows as the "football" build—medium height, stocky neck set squarely between broad and well-developed shoulders; strong, muscular limbs. His hair is black and always worn closely cropped and parted at the side. His blue eyes gleam through rimless glasses, which give him an older appearance than his twenty-two years would seem to warrant. His face is ruddy from much good blood, temperate habits, and lots of exercise.

Photo by Schloss, New York.

"LA GRACIOSA,"
a dancer of vaudeville.

"I came here to work," said young Croker, on his arrival at Cornell, and he proved that he meant what he said by taking quarters for himself and valet in the house of a university instructor who lives at Forest Home, a country settlement two miles from the campus. There he keeps his one extravagance—horses and bull-dogs. All around are rocky hills over which he tramps when tired of study.

He is taking the regular law course prescribed for first-year students, and some advanced work in history besides. This requires his attendance at the Boardman Law Hall for most of the day, where there are great libraries to be gone through in search of evidence and knowledge on legal points brought up in the lectures. He does this work faithfully, although it is possible to shirk much of it and attain creditable marks. He seems to have learned the art of concentrating his mind on the matter before him, and follows the lectures closely. Being a rapid writer, he is able to take extensive and intelligent notes.

Young Croker will say nothing about his plans for the future. He believes in doing

1 2 3 4 5 6

LULA, ARK., OR "WHY SMITH LEFT HOME."
Snap shot at a Broadhurst company on the platform of the station of Lula, the metropolis of the West.

1. Fred Roberts. 2. Rose Hubbard. 3. Tom Wise. 4. Nellie Maskell. 5. Eugene Redding. 6. Eleanor Larolle.

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Photos by Baker, Columbus, O.

America's Leading Ladies.—No. 2.*

LILLIAN HARRIS,

of "The Homespun Heart" company, on the road.

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things, not talking about them, and cannot see how anyone can be interested in him until he has really done something. He is taking up his preparations for his future career step by step, and has already worked off one of them—his college education. He is now in the midst of his second—his legal training. In two years from next June he should be ready for his bar examinations which will give him the right to practice before any court of New York State. He will probably serve an apprenticeship in the offices of one of the big law firms in New York. His friends believe that in his slogan, "I came here to work," he shows the spirit which will make his mark in the college world of young men.

JAMES FRENCH DORRANCE.

* This series began in our March issue, and will continue throughout the year.

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Gin Fizzes and Things.

A FEW PERSONAL BITS ABOUT MEN AND WOMEN WHO ARE INTERESTING.

HUGH MORTON ON THE STREET.

I saw on the street a short time ago C. M. S. McLellan who, as Hugh Morton, has done some excellent work for the stage. I must admit that McLellan rather staggered me with his top hat and clothes that were a combination of London and the Continent. The playwright, however, is a pretty sensible person, who is not likely to lose his equilibrium just because Londoners have taken him to their hearts. With McLellan was his handsome wife, who also seems to think that London is a fine place in which to live. I understand that the McLellans will spend the greater part of their time in England hereafter.

REGGIE DE KOVEN, OF LONDON.

The determination of Reggie De Koven to settle permanently in London does not surprise his friends. As a matter of fact, De Koven has always been considerably more English than American. He is decidedly unpopular with those people who do not like his monocle and his assumption of the manners of the heavy London swell. De Koven is a bully musician—there's none better on this side of the water—but he falls many miles short of being a good fellow.

THE HANDSOME MRS. HAINES.

It is not generally known that the wife of Robert T. Haines, Viola Allen's leading man, is a playwright of much promise. She is at work on a piece for a female star who believes that the production will be a great artistic success. Mrs. Haines is an exceedingly pretty young woman, with the slight figure of a girl and a fund of vivaciousness quite inexhaustible. She was, I believe, a New Orleans society girl when she fell in love with her good-looking husband.

MR. KIRK WITH ALL HIS VESTS.

J. Waldere Kirk, looking as fit as ever, has been one of Broadway's spectacles for the past month. Kirk is a solid business man now and does not desire to pose as "The King of Dudes," although he does not deny that he is able to appear in a new suit during each hour of the twenty-four if he so wishes. Kirk has probably had more free advertising than any man of the decade, and that it has not turned his head is decidedly to his credit.

THE TALE OF A GOOD GIRL.

A story comes to me from over the seas that will start many New Yorkers a-thinking.

Last winter there appeared at the Casino a young girl from a small city up the State. She was a good girl. I make this comment not because I am surprised that there are good girls at the Casino, but because this one was particularly good. She was a slight sweet-faced bit of femininity who attended strictly to business and gave the Supper Brigade little chance to study her at short range. In town at the time was a young Englishman who spent his money freely and was exceedingly anxious to capture little Miss Simplicity. He was a good-looking young gadabout and altogether manly, but he never got even as far as a kiss with the object of his adoration. He returned home beaten.

Now the scene changes. Miss Simplicity, still pretty and still good, went to London with one of the Lederer companies. On the opening night appeared the young Englishman more enamored than ever. Net result: no enlargement of freedom or promise of better things to come. He capitulated completely. Instead of having cold bottles and late suppers only in sight, he became a serious suitor who babbled of marriage. At last—but why prolong the agony? As I have said, he was good-looking and manly, and Miss Simplicity was only a girl, and so she said "Yes," and now they're happily ensconced in a nest of a place in the West End, and let us hope they'll live happy forever more.

MRS. GILLIG'S WATCH-CHARM.

What a silly lot of rot has been written about Mrs. Harry Gillig and the rag-time young man who trips at the heels of the matronly-looking woman with the wonderful hair!

He is called by those of unkind spirit, "Mrs. Gillig's watch-charm," but he doesn't seem to mind the merry quip, and dances attendance on the twice-married Californian heiress with all the ardor of a Lochinvar. Mrs. Gillig looks radiantly happy, so why should the rest of us mind?

THE MAN ON BROADWAY.

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THREE TYPICAL BROADWAYITES.

WILLIAM NORRIS is one of our best character actors, one of his most notable achievements of recent years being his portrayal of *Pinchas, the Poet*, in "Children of the Ghetto." He was severely criticized for the low comedy spirit in which he played the Zangwill character, but as it was the most entertaining of the performance, he did not have much cause to worry. Mr. Norris is now playing *Bachelor*, in "Under Two Flags."

WILLIAM NORRIS.

JOSIE HALL.

JOSIE HALL has been a Broadwayite for—never mind how many years. She is still one and a decidedly attractive one, too. From the days of her earlier triumphs at the Casino to her more recent ones, she has been almost constantly in the public eye. She is generally believed to be one of our wealthy actresses.

GEORGE H. PRIMROSE is not seen in New York as often as he once was, for the reason that minstrelsy has been on the wane. But he is still a figure of the thoroughfare. He is one of the fortunate actors who have their own carriages. When in New York, an exceedingly handsome turnout, drawn by a pair of mettlesome horses, takes him home every night. Mr. Primrose is said to be worth $200,000.

GEORGE H. PRIMROSE.

MR. SPAULDING'S LITTLE QUIP.

GEORGE LAWSON SPAULDING, the song writer, called at the BROADWAY MAGAZINE office the other day to pay up a few subscriptions for himself and friends. As is quite frequently the case, the clerks were busy and Spaulding had to do as you do in a barber-shop when you are in a great hurry—wait. The office boy, however, was kind to him, and together they looked down upon Twenty-sixth street. A string of some fifty odd horses haltered in fours and properly corporaled by stable hands, went through the street. "Gee," said our boy, "I wonder where they're goin'!" "O," said Spaulding, "they're just going over to Jersey to be made into automobiles."

W. W. J.

HELEN ROYTON,
an attractive member of the "San Toy" company.

OBJECTIVE MOOD.

SHE is a very swell colored maid.

The mailman called the other morning and left some mail.

"Anything for me?" asked her mistress.

"No, mahdahm," was the answer, "it's only a letter for I."

It takes all that mistress can do to live up to her black diamond.

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ALICE FARNHAM,

an English beauty who is coming to New York to sing music-hall ditties.

A NOTABLE NEW YORK FIGURE.

HENRY ROMEIKE, "THE MAN OF A THOUSAND PAPERS."

THE press-clipping business has become of considerable importance in the active, professional and business life of New York City; and while it is a recognized institution, it is not generally known that the father of the business is Henry Romeike, who started it twenty years ago and who to-day serves a list of patrons running the gamut from politicians and business men to lawyers, players and all others whose names appear in the public prints.

When it is known that Mr. Romeike receives every day nearly 2,500 newspapers and periodicals, and has on his subscription list nearly 4,000 names, some people famous on both sides of the Atlantic and of some even residing in Asia, Africa and Australia, it can be readily seen how extensive has become this peculiar and original line of business.

Mr. Romeike, although still in the prime of life, is the type of man whose energy and many years of experience as a purveyor of news-material easily make him an adjunct of twentieth century life not to be replaced by any other. He has won not by influence, but simply because he has proven his worth to thousands who had hitherto been obliged to do their own collecting and collating in an utterly amateurish manner.

HENRY ROMEIKE. Photo by Aiman, New York.

The writer recently called at Mr. Romeike's big establishment in the Judge Building, situated in the very heart of New York's up-town publishing district. On all sides were rows upon rows of sharp-eyed young women who were scanning piles of the daily newspaper mail. Ranged along the walls and floor space of the immense room were the invaluable newspaper files which could hardly be duplicated, and which are insured for a big sum. In one department was running a new and remarkable process by which a politician, an actor, or a financier can have reproduced in duplicate any article from any publication for a ridiculously small sum.

In one corner sat an alert man whose supervising eye took in every detail of the business. This was Henry Romeike, and the brains of the concern.

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THE GRINNING FACE.

By Alice Barton Rainsford.

I HAD just recovered from typhoid fever, and my guardian planned a voyage for me that he was confident would completely restore my health. He knew a man who was the owner and the captain of a tramp steamer, and who was at present under contract to carry fruit from Florida to Baltimore. What could be more delightful for me than to make one of the long, slow trips with him?

Everything was arranged, and at the appointed time I found myself on board at Baltimore, shaking hands with the captain, who seemed already like a friend. He was a powerfully built man, dark-tanned by wind and weather. His hair and beard and eyes and shaggy eyebrows were black, and when he smiled the flash of his white teeth was almost dazzling, they were so in contrast with the rest of him. They were peculiar, too, in that the eye-teeth were separate from the others, and were rather long and sharp. He looked down on me benignantly, the way only a big, absolutely healthy man can look on a weak woman.

"We will soon have you well again," he said, in his big voice. "I'll warrant that when you've been out four days you won't have to lean against the rail when you stand. Take my arm and let me show you to your stateroom—and will you let me send you a cup of tea?"

I thanked him, telling him that I wanted nothing, and as soon as he bowed himself away I locked my door and went to bed, for it was growing dark and I was very tired. I was dimly conscious through my sleep of the shouting of voices, the throbbing of machinery and the rippling of water, but I did not fully realize that we were off until I sat up suddenly in bed, the sunlight shining on me, and saw through the port-hole the broad bay, sparkling, flashing, promising me strength like its own, steady and sure and deep.

I breakfasted with the captain, and found that I was the only passenger, and the only woman on board. My guardian had taken for granted that there would be a stewardess—but what did it matter? When we went on deck I discovered that all the crew were colored men, and though I had always been a little afraid of colored men before, it did not occur to me to be alarmed, so complete was my confidence in the captain.

The day passed like a blissful dream, and the night was dreamless bliss. I was getting well again. By the fourth day out it was as the captain prophesied—I had grown so strong that I no longer needed support or assistance. The great, kind, health-breathing ocean seemed like a father to me—and heaven never seemed so near as when I saw it reflected on the waves.

On the night of the fourth day I went to bed early, as usual, and was soon sound asleep. . . . Was I at home again—out of doors in the rain?—I felt it sprinkling on my face. . . . I put my hand up, idly. . . . My face was wet. . . . Had I been crying in my sleep? . . . I sat up to reach for a handkerchief—and a black hand withdrew itself from the port-hole! . . . *Was* I dreaming? . . . Of course I was. But the dream had seemed so real that it was a long time before I slept again.

The next night I had a struggle with myself. I knew that if I slept with the port-hole shut, I would wake with a headache, and that if I slept with it open, I would wake in the night with that dream. My longing for health conquered—and the dream came—but this time my face was so wet that I knew I could not have shed so many tears in months—and while I stared at the port-hole, horror-stricken, I saw a black, evilly grinning face, with white teeth that glittered cruelly. I screamed—and the face disappeared. I jumped out of bed, snatched my bath-robe, and threw open my door all in the same instant, and ran through the saloon, wrapping myself up as I went. I stumbled up the stairs, and met the captain at the top.

"Oh!" I cried, staggering against him; "I have been so horribly frightened; I have had such an awful dream!"

"Poor child!" he said kindly; "you are frightened! Why, you are trembling all over! Come, you'll take cold up here. I'll help you down, and you must go to bed again. I was just going to turn in for a while, and I'll sleep on a sofa in the saloon so that you can feel protected." He half carried me back to my room. I thanked him from my heart, and after shutting the port-hole and the door, crept into bed, bath-robe and all.

As the covers pressed down on me my side felt cold. I put my hand on it, and my robe was all wet where the captain's arm had been around me. I wondered vaguely why his arm had been wet—it was a calm, clear night—and while I wondered, the face that had been at the port-hole came back to me. Slowly my blood chilled—grew icy cold—the hair rose on my head—*the face that I had seen was the captain's! I knew it now by the teeth!* Why had I not known it at once?

Why had fate willed that I should throw myself on the mercy of that monster?—Should bring him to my door to watch over me?

I stood up noiselessly on my bed, and peered out into the saloon through the red glass in the transom. The captain was lying on a sofa, his eyes half shut, smiling to himself.

For an hour he did not move. Then he rose silently, stole to my door, where he stood for a moment listening, and apparently satisfied that I was asleep, he went toward the stairs with the

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EDNA MAY

in the boy's costume she wears in "The Girl From Up There."

Copyright, 1900, by Marceau, New York.

most diabolical grin that ever distorted the face of man. I knew that he would soon be back again — *outside*. I dressed in frantic haste, stuffed my bath-robe under the covers, making it look as if I were in bed, went into the saloon, locking my door behind me, and locked myself into the next stateroom. I took the blankets from the bed and hung them over the transom, making it perfectly dark.

Then I opened the port-hole a little way, and waited.

It was a moonless night. The stars, glowing steadily in the heavens and flickering in the water, made fairy-light. . . . There was a sound near me. . . . A figure clinging to a rope swung out from the ship's side, and lowered itself to a level with the port-hole of the room where I was supposed to be.

It was the captain. His face and right hand were smeared black. He looked into the room. The dim light that sifted through the transom did not betray my absence. He let himself down to the water, dabbled his handkerchief in it until it was soaked, pulled it up again, and squeezed it, flirting the drops into the room—and all the time his face worked hideously, and his teeth seemed luminous, they glittered so cruelly white, and he muttered:

"I'll get her soon—I won't be the only one—she'll be mad, too—she'll froth and foam, and her hair will rise on her head, and she'll shriek and shriek and tear at her own flesh, and then she'll be mine, and we'll live mad and die mad and haunt the seas together!"

White foam dripped from his mouth. He slipped his hand into his pocket and drew out something—something long and slow-moving—that writhed slowly and twisted slowly, and hissed slowly—malignantly—and working with it one-handed he made it into a struggling ball, and threw it through the port-hole.

"Help me," he sputtered after it, "crawl over her with your slimy length—twist around her throat—sway your ugly head before her eyes, and lap her with your tongue! Soon I'll hear her shriek; soon she'll come—mad—mad—mad!—She'll hold you in her mad strong hands—she'll tear you in two with her mad strength—and she'll suck your slimy cold blood, vile worm of the sea—and she'll be mad, mad, mad!"

He drew himself up to the deck—I heard his footstep on the stair. Then one of the sailors called him. He did not come down again that night.

I crouched on the floor by the port-hole and prayed for day to come.

When I heard the captain going through the saloon on his way to breakfast I went on deck, and trembling, scanned the horizon. There was not a sail in sight. The glinted waves laughed at me in heartless mockery.

I dared not do anything that might betray my

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state of mind, so I beckoned a sailor and sent him down to tell the captain that I had a headache and would like a cup of coffee on deck.

In a few minutes the captain himself appeared, carrying my breakfast on a tray. I had to meet his eyes calmly with a grateful smile.

"I am sorry you are not well," he said kindly; "maybe you will feel better after breakfast, but at any rate, this will all be over by to morrow—*after to-night's rest.*"

His face was close to mine, and a slight lifting of the corners of the upper lip, showing the long wolf-teeth, and a fleeting, wicked gleam in his eyes, were the only signs he gave of the demon that possessed him.

Toward noon a little schooner came in sight.

"I wish I could see it close to," I said to the captain, and to humor me he ordered the sailors to signal it to come to us. My heart swelled and quivered with each quiver of its sail. At last it bobbed on the waves just below us, the men holding it off from our boat's side with long poles.

"Won't you get my purse?" I said to the captain. "I left it on the sofa in the saloon. I'd go myself, but I'm so interested in this boat—and I want to give the men some money for coming so far out of their way."

He went at once downstairs, and as soon as he was out of sight I climbed over the rail.

"Catch me!" I cried to the astonished men below and jumped.

I fell on their deck, and my ankle was sprained, but in spite of it I crawled up to the hold and partly down the step-ladder.

"That man is *mad!*" I cried, clutching the captain of the schooner around the knees. "Save me! Save me! Take me away!"

The terror in my eyes commanded him.

When the captain came back to the deck we were some distance off. He looked about for me; then, glancing at the schooner, discovered me; my face turned toward him in fascinated dread.

"Come back! Come back!" he shouted. "I *won't* lose her!—she *shall* be mad—a few more nights and she'll be mad—mad—mad like me!"

He tossed his arms and fell, and rose again—and leaping—falling—leaping—foaming at the mouth, tearing his nails off digging at the deck—we sailed away and left him—and still I am not mad!

CLOSE RELATIONS.

"My parents may come between us," she faltered.

"If they do," he exclaimed hotly, "they must be pretty small."

And he pressed her still closer to his side.

A bill-poster knows his place, and there he sticks.

Another view of Miss May in "The Girl From Up There."

Copyright, 1909, by Marceau, New York.

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MISS ISABEL BURR McCALL, THE MOST NOTED ACCOMPANIST OF NEW YORK.

Miss McCall has accompanied some of the most noted singers that have ever visited America, but now confines her attention to her school of accompanying at 251 Fifth avenue, corner Twenty-eighth street. Miss McCall teaches the art of accompanying artists, and furnishes to singers and vocal teachers accompanists capable of sympathetically interpreting feeling. The graduates of Miss McCall's school have come to be recognized as almost positive necessities by those who really wish to attain either private or public repute as vocal artists.

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"HEROD."

JOHN LANE, New York and London, has published "Herod," the remarkable tragedy by Stephen Phillips, which was produced by Beerbohm Tree last year in London. The book is an interesting one to students of the drama, and displays Mr. Phillips at his best, also his worst, as some passages scarcely do justice to a man who has been hailed as the "Twentieth Century Shakespeare."

IZA BREYER, a clever member of "Lost In The Desert" company, on the road.

MR. THORNTON THEORIZES.

"WELL," said Jim Thornton the other day, "one thing is true. I don't worry about appetite for soda and things." Not exactly dovetailing with the songwriter-monologist's unphilosophical line of reasoning, I ventured to put a "Why?" at him. "You see," he retorted, "the newspapers and my friends do that for me; and," he continued, "can you see any tangible reason why this should be the case? Of course, I owe all hands an everlasting debt of gratitude for doing my work, but on the other hand who suffers—the drunkard or—. Oh, well — what'll you have?"

W. W. T.

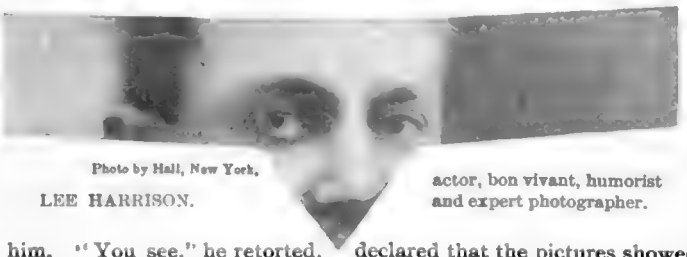

Photo by Hall, New York.

LEE HARRISON. actor, bon vivant, humorist and expert photographer.

TEMPLETON *VS.* FENTON.

THERE has been a good deal of a discussion of late regarding the relative ability of Fay Templeton and Mabel Fenton, both of whom have occupied almost exactly the same position at Weber & Fields'.

In a Central Park apartment the other night, the discussion turned on the two actresses, and particularly on their make-up.

The host brought out a number of Schloss pictures.

"I contend," said he, "that Miss Fenton and Miss Templeton are equally good in make-up. Now, I'll bet that you can't tell which is which from these pictures."

"Why," said one young woman present, "it's perfectly clear that these are photographs of Mabel Fenton in her imitation of Irene Vanbrugh in 'The Gay Lord Quex.'"

"Nothing of the sort," said another. "They are pictures of Miss Templeton in the same imitation."

And thus the company about evenly divided itself. And the matter was not settled until the host declared that the pictures showed Miss Fenton as she was appearing at the New York Theatre.

Photo by Chickering, Boston.

LOTTA FAUST, of "My Lady" company.

The bride who giggles during the ceremony sometimes makes as good an all-round wife as the bride who looks like a sad, sweet flower being plucked from the parent stem.

A HINT.

"How does she manage to keep her husband at home of evenings?"

"Oh, that was her 'cuteness. He said once that he wanted to be the light of her life, and she told him if that was the case, he'd better not go out so often at night."

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HOME-MADE EDITORIALS

WELL WORTH READING.

IN a recent issue of BROADWAY MAGAZINE there appeared a prize offer for the best editorial of from 100 to 200 words. For weeks every mail has brought in replies, from which these published herewith have been culled.

We aim to be perfectly fair to our readers and will, therefore, leave the question of selection to them. The prize will go to the one who receives the greatest number of votes before April 10th, 1901. You may vote by sending in the page from magazine with your choice of editorial marked. Name and address of reader not necessary.

MRS. NATION SMASHED.

THE saloon-smashing crusade of Mrs. Nation, fanatical though it is, is not without its lesson. A representative of a class which has repeatedly denounced lynching, she has herself adopted mob violence as a method of destroying the liquor traffic. Two wrongs can never make a right, and the fact that saloons are maintained contrary to the law in Kansas does not justify one in breaking the law to destroy them. In the widespread comment that her action has evoked it is interesting to note that her methods have received the almost universal commendation of woman suffragists. No one doubts that Mrs. Nation has used mob violence and disregarded laws to accomplish her purpose. When such methods meet with the approval of the advocates of equal suffrage, it is difficult to imagine what might happen if such women were vested with the privileges which they covet.

FRANK C. BOWKER,
99 Union street, Dorchester, Mass.

THE MISSION OF THE CRITIC.

THAT the dramatic critic should have nothing in common to do with the theatrical manager is an idea which, if carried into execution, would prove extremely beneficial to both the player and the significance of the critic. A modern newspaper critic should not be one who is versed in the machinations and constructions of the drama. Inasmuch as he serves no other than the common people, he should cater to their tastes.

He should attend the play with the view of his merely giving his criticism of the same as it impressed him as a spectator, not criticise a player because he happens to be a strong personal friend or because the critic happens to know a little of his or her personal history.

The people want to know whether a play or player, as an entertainer, is good or no. They want to know how it would impress one of their own mind. They care not for technicalities in the construction of the play. Whether it will please them as spectators is the idea in mind with which they read the criticisms, and the critics should strive to attain this end and not indulge in spasmodic attempts to wash the dirty linen of a player through the columns of the daily press.

D. H. LIVINGSTON,
3400 S. Park avenue, Chicago.

THE AUTOGRAPH FIEND IN A NEW LIGHT.

THE autograph fiend isn't so much of a fiend. after all, when you think that every request is a delicate compliment delicately put. This applies particularly to the stage. Sculptors, painters, authors, and composers leave their works behind them, imperishable monuments to the perpetuation of their fame; but when the last curtain is dropped on an actor's life, he leaves but a memory, and memory is a very unsubstantial affair. The next generation fall natural heirs to the attainments of their progenitors, but a remembrance is a rather poor inheritance. So the actor lives for the present, and a graceful tribute, gracefully acknowledged, is one of "the little things that count" in making the present a time of grace.

EDITH N. BLOCK,
3119 Clifford street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WHERE THE SHOE BEGINS TO PINCH.

CONCENTRATION of wealth is death to theatrical enterprise. This process of concentration through the formation of trusts makes the cost of living twenty to twenty-five per cent. greater than it was a few years ago. This increased cost falls heaviest upon the salaried man. His salary has felt no such proportionate increase. Theatres throughout the land draw their patronage from the towns and cities, not the farms. The salaried man is the theatre's most liberal patron, but under the present administration of economic affairs, the necessities of life demand much; there is little left for its pleasures. The bookkeeper and clerk's business with the box-office is much less than a few years ago. Uniform prosperity is the life of the theatre, not wealth in the hands of the few. The magnate pays no more for a seat than his clerk. Better for the theatrical business by far that there be one hundred prosperous clerks and a well-to-do employer than that there be one hundred clerks barely making ends meet and one gold-plated, bond-holding multi-millionaire.

WILMINGTON, DEL.

THE DEGENERACY OF THE STAGE.

THE fickle-minded public and press have had their turn in denouncing the degeneracy of the stage; a few critics have tried to uphold it, and have, to some extent, been successful, but some remarks will probably be in order.

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No, dear reader, this is not a chorus from a musical comedy. It is the quintette of a choir at a swell evening function of a fashionable New York church.

Let us cite a few of the later dramatizations, such as Mr. Mansfield's "Henry Fifth." What more glorious recollection of olden days can be brought to our minds than by spending a few hours mentally consuming the thoughts and verses extracted in the play? I am sure history will not prove to be the cure.

Then Mme. Bernhardt's production of "L'Aiglon." What better version of the poetic drama is, or has been, on the stage?

Look at Mr. Sothern, who is nightly enchanting large audiences by the ingenuity he displays when enacting the title part in one of the greatest tragedies ever written, "Hamlet."

Grand opera still maintains its excellency as of old, comic operas are at a premium, and some of the most striking plays produced are dramas, which are still at a high standard.

ED. P. TAAFFE,
4054 Aspen st., Philadelphia, Pa.

TAME THE WILD MOTOR-VEHICLER.

WHILE crossing Sixth avenue a few days ago I was nearly run down by a motor-carriage driven at express-train speed, while vapor or steam belched from its sides and back, and as it disappeared, darting in and out between the other vehicles in its mad rush, I was forcibly reminded of the juggernaut of old, or a prehistoric dragon, which laid low everything in its path.

Now, the question I want to ask and have answered is, *why* are these motor-carriages allowed to run through the city streets at a higher rate of speed than any other vehicle? The bicycle has been placed under the ban of safe speed by law, although this law is broken every day; why not make and enforce a law controlling the speed of automobiles through the streets of the city?

The strongest argument in favor of this is the almost daily occurrence of accidents caused by these too-swiftly driven vehicles. If they *must* run at such a high speed, then why not restrict them to certain streets, to be known to the long-suffering New York public, and which they can avoid altogether?

Tame the motor-vehicler, say I! and compel their drivers to maintain a safe rate of speed, at least on the crowded and most-traveled streets.

EDGAR DAVENPORT,
254 West Fifty-second street.

THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER AND CINCINNATI as an amateur actor in a farce-comedy. Is he worth $500,000? He is, because he brought that price.

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Broadway Magazine.

Vol. VII. APRIL, 1901. No. 1

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ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY, Editor. GEORGE A. SHERIN, General Manager.

"SHOULD GIRLS SMOKE?"

My Dear Ethel:

It's according to the girl. For instance, if she lives in Mexico she would be considered queer if she did not smoke her dainty cigarette. Not to smoke in Spain is to be eccentric. But, my dear Ethel, I would not advise you to smoke in Asbury Park, N. J., or Northampton, Mass. The good women of both places rather look down upon women who smoke—and, from their standpoint, they are right.

* * *

And Ethel, are you in earnest when you ask: "Can I smoke and be a lady?" Why not ask if you can eat oysters on Thursday and be intellectual, or whether you can consistently clean your gloves on Friday and still be a Christian? Many good women smoke; some bad women do not. "Ladies"—and I suppose you mean women—in large cities particularly, conform themselves to conditions. Some weeks ago I met a lovely woman—I remember she had the sweetest mouth imaginable—who smoked a cigarette after a very good dinner. Another guest—her face was as thin as her voice and her mouth was not sweet—took exception to the proceedings and left the house in disgust. Everyone said the thin-voiced one was a puritanical bigot. All this proved nothing beyond the fact that when you are different from other people it is a good idea to have a sweet mouth.

* * *

Ethel, don't misunderstand me. Personally, I detest the smell of cigarettes, and, besides, I am fond of the old type of woman who doesn't smoke, and I prefer Dickens to Balzac. However, I know a mother—and she is a good one, too—who has smoked for years and who encourages her sixteen-year-old daughter to do likewise. I thought she was a beast when I first heard of it, but I have learned that she was brought up in Cuba and thinks no more of a cigarette than she does of mince pie; in fact, I believe she spurns the latter as being indigestible.

* * *

And Ethel, don't think that smoking makes you "a good fellow." The boys like "a good fellow" for a lark, but they don't consider her seriously when it comes to honest courtship and marriage. If you really must smoke, do so in the privacy of your own chamber, and before coming forth eat the cloves that brother buys, and wipe your lips carefully with rose-water. That isn't deceit. It's plain common sense. I'd hate to kiss a girl with cigarette-y lips, and I'm just a plain man, Ethel, without incipient wings.

* * *

No, Ethel, all actresses do not smoke. I know several—and, believe me, they are quite like other gentle, refined, and clever women—and those who smoke are the exception. It is not, you see, a question of morality, but one of circumstances, surroundings, and individual preferences. But whether right or wrong, please remember that all actresses do not smoke.

* * *

And so, my dear Ethel, after being candid with you, let me say DON'T. It's not a crime or even a fault, but if you're a girl, why not be all girl? It's easy, satisfactory, and never disappointing. Whereas, perhaps, God intended that your brother should do all the "good fellow" business for your family, and perhaps you are one of those fortunate women

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SPONGY.

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MRS. NEWED—Very well. I'll go over to the druggist the first thing in the morning and get a fresh sponge.

ON TIME.

UNCLE—And now good-bye, my dear nephew, and if you should need any money, why, write to me.

NEPHEW (pulling a letter out of pocket)—Certainly I shall, uncle. There's the first letter now.

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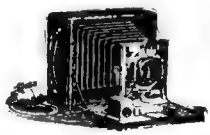
50c  **50c**

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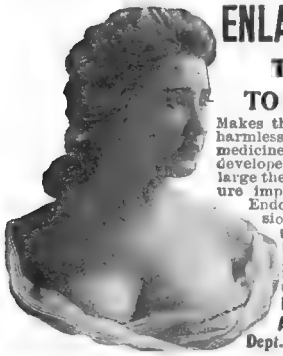

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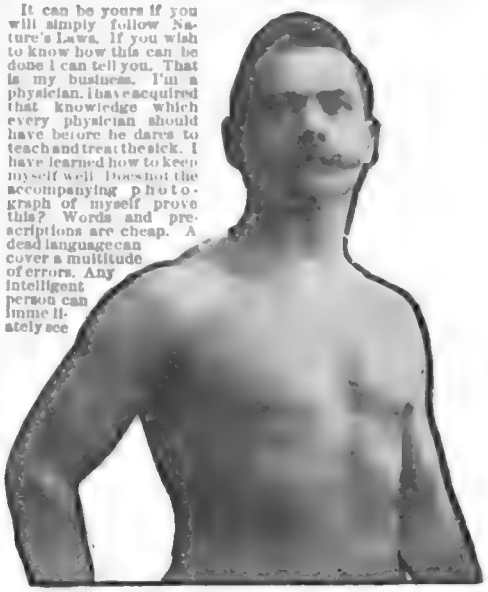

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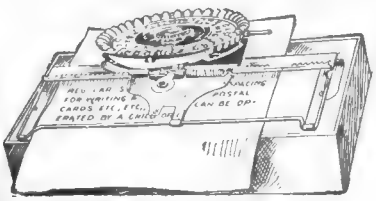

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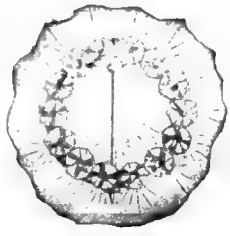

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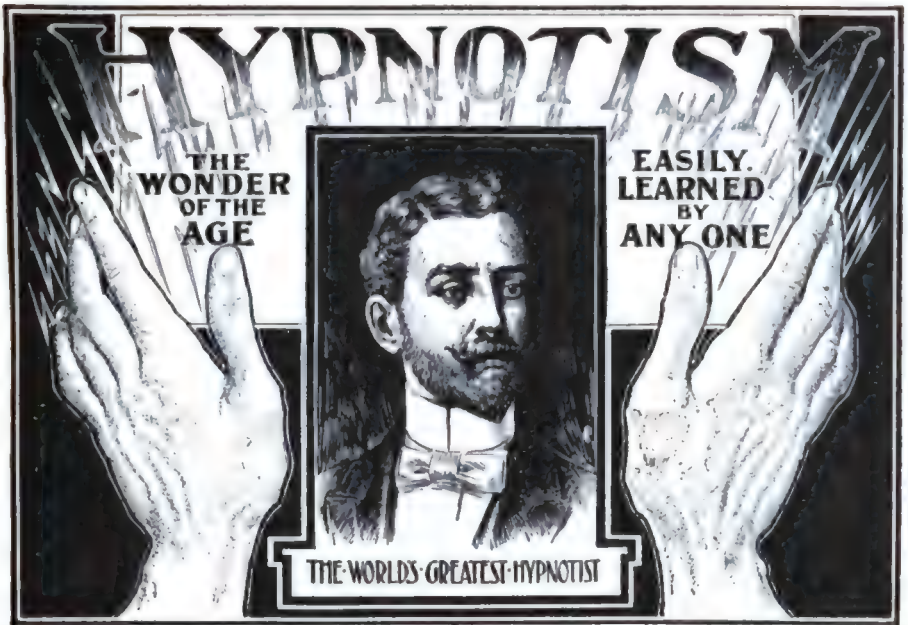

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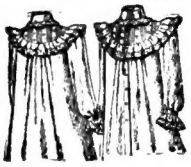

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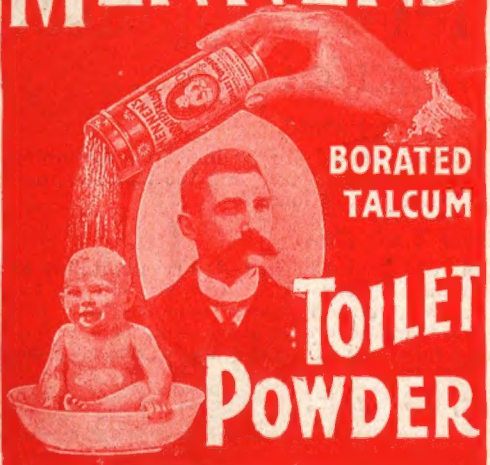

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